The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 77. Vol. XIII. FEBRUARY, 1898. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* February *will be noticed in the* March *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th March *in the* April *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

We understand that Lewis Carroll has left several books behind him ready for publication. It is, however, very doubtful whether they will all appear.

The life of Dr. Walsham How, the popular Bishop of Wakefield, is being written by his son, and will be published in autumn by Messrs. Isbister.

We understand that Mrs. Henry Norman has a new novel ready for publication.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has removed from his house in St. John's Wood to Brighton, and will probably never come back to London. He is, we regret to say, in exceedingly feeble health, suffering from an affection of the heart.

Mr. Andrew Lang is busily engaged at St. Andrews writing a book on the Origin of Religion. This will contain incidentally a criticism of Mr. Grant Allen's recent volume. Mr. Lang is also carrying on researches for his projected history of Scotland.

Mr. Crockett is making preliminary studies for a story on the Black Douglas.

The publication of the Burns-Dunlop correspondence, edited by Mr. William Wallace, has been postponed till the early spring, in order to secure the full American copyright. The book is announced by those who have seen the proof sheets to be a real contribution to our knowledge of Burns and his period, and the most valuable addition to existing materials which has been made for many years.

We hear on good authority that Mr. W. M. Rossetti's projected work on his family was intended to run to the moderate amount of eight volumes!

It is said that for the new book of travels by Mr. Edward FitzGerald, which Messrs. Methuen are to publish, the large sum of £2,000 has been paid. It will be one of the most magnificent travel books ever published in England.

Ian Maclaren, who is at present the guest of Mr. Andrew Carnegie at the Villa Allerton, Cannes, will publish in spring a new religious book, entitled "The Companions of the Sorrowful Way." He hopes to publish a volume of fiction in the autumn, and is also engaged in preparing a boys' book, which, however, will not see the light this year.

A leading bookseller in a west country city sends us the following statistics of books sold during the three weeks previous to Christmas. Of course it must be remembered that some authors have new books on the list and some have not. J. M. Barrie, 9; H. S. Merriman, 38; H. Rider Haggard, 2; Ian Maclaren, 6; R. Le Gallienne, 1; S. R. Crockett, 63.

Mr. David Douglas is to publish a biography of the Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, senior, by his son, in February. Dr. Macleod was the father of the famous Norman Macleod of *Good Words.*

Mr. John Long, the new publisher, of 6, Chandos Street, Strand, London, has in the press for early publication new novels by the following authors: F. W. Robinson, Mrs. Coulson Kernahan, Mrs. Katharine S. Macquoid, Mrs. Lovett Cameron, and Mrs. E. Rentoul Esler.

Our contemporaries are devoting more care than ever to their literary gossip. One of the very best gossipers, genial, well-informed, and bright, is Mr. E. V. Lucas, who works for the *Academy* and the *Globe.* Mr. Lucas is editor of the volume of children's poetry recently published by Mr. Grant Richards, one of the most successful anthologies that has appeared for years. Mr. W. P. James, who has done some excellent criticism, now signs his Saturday column in the *St. James's Gazette.* Mr. Stephen Gwynne, the son of the Rev. Dr. Gwynne, of Trinity College, Dublin, the eminent Syrian scholar, is a contributor to the *Pall Mall Gazette.* Mr. Cumming does most of the *Westminster Gazette* gossip. Unfortunately, the column appears not on Saturday, but on Monday. Many readers would be pleased if the old arrangement were adhered to.

Sir John Skelton left behind him a complete work on Charles I., which will be published in the spring of 1898 in one volume, uniform with his Mary Stuart. It will contain a magnificent series of forty photogravures of contemporary portraits, many of them by Vandyck, and a facsimile in colours of Vandyck's portrait of Charles I. from the Louvre.

Our excellent contemporary, the New York *Critic,* which is conducted with ever-increasing enterprise, has commenced a fresh series of articles on American Authors at Home. The number for January 5th contains a graphic account of Marion Crawford at Sorrento. Mr. Crawford lived at Sorrento before his marriage, and wrote there two of his books, "To Leeward" and "Saracinesca." His present home is an old building which has been greatly altered by Mr. Crawford himself. In rebuilding and adding to his house he has never employed an architect, for he is a good practical builder and stonemason, as well as a creditable mathematician, and his foreman in all such work is a clever labourer who can neither read nor write. Mr. Crawford has accumulated about 5,000 volumes. They are largely books of reference and classics, partly bought by the author himself, and partly inherited from his uncle, the late Samuel Ward, and his father-in-law, General Berdan. Mr. Crawford defends himself against the charge of inventing impossible situations. "The triple tragedy in 'Greifenstein' was a terrible fact in a noble German family before the middle of the present century, and the son of the house, the last of his race, entered the Church and died a Cardinal. In 'Casa Braccio,' the elopement of the nun, and the burning of the substituted body, took place in South America exactly as described, and the story was told to the author by a person who had met the real Gloria. The incident of Don Teodoro in 'Taquisara,' who, although not ordained, acted as a priest for many years, occurred in the neighbourhood of Rome, and there have been two well-known cases in which priests kept the secret of the confessional as Don Ippolito does in 'Corleone,' but with the difference that they were both convicted of crimes which they had not committed, one being sent to the mines of Siberia, the other to a French penal colony."

The portrait of Mr. J. M. Barrie on page 117 of last month's issue was reproduced from an autotype copy of a painting by Mr. Leslie Brooke, published by the Autotype Company of 74, New Oxford Street, W.C. We much regret that it was inadvertently stated to be taken from a photograph by Messrs. Barraud.

A translation of Mr. J. W. Manson of Victor Hugo's "Alpes et Pyrénées" will be shortly published by Messrs. Bliss, Sands and Co. This book was published in France for the first time last autumn, and a peculiar interest attaches to it, from the fact that just before its completion the author heard the news of the death of his only daughter, a shock from which he never recovered.

Messrs. Bliss, Sands and Co. are about to publish a new historical novel dealing with life in France in the seventeenth century. It is written by A. B. Louis, author of "Mallerton," a novel that appeared last spring.

An unpublished Stevenson is shortly to see the light. Those who have seen it say it is a charming piece of writing, with just that touch of humanity about it which gave the exile of Samoa so strong a hold upon lovers of English literature. Seeing the relations of Stevenson with Mr. Henley, there is a fitness in the publication of this relic in the new threepenny weekly journal, the *Outlook*, in which Mr. Henley is taking a keen interest. The *Outlook*, which is to appear on Saturday, February 5th, is, it seems, to strike new ground in several other directions—in politics, science and the arts, as well as in literature. Mr. Percy Hurd is the editor, and among his contributors besides Mr. Henley are Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. George Steevens, Sir Herbert Maxwell, Mr. Max Beerbohm, Mr. Wilfrid Ward, Mr. Henry Newbolt, Mr. Owen Seaman, Mr. Charles Whibley, and Mr. Arnold Golsworthy.

Miss Norma Lorimer, whose novel, "A Sweet Disorder," is well remembered, lays the scene of her new work, "Josiah's Wife," partly at Boston, Massachusetts, partly at Yale, Connecticut, and partly in Sicily. It concerns the fortune of a piquant heroine who has married a rich tradesman, and seeks to reform him artistically. Miss Lorimer has travelled a good deal, and is one of those who can make use of her travels in fiction while avoiding the guide-book tone. She adds to her gifts of novel-writing a very keen and critical faculty, which she uses to great advantage in the many reviews for which she is responsible.

Mr. Frankfort Moore's new novel, "A Fatal Gift," now running in the *Queen*, is to be published in America by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co. This very strong novel deals with the fortunes of the famous Miss Gunnings, and is perhaps Mr. Moore's best achievement.

Mr. E. W. Hornung, who is wintering at Naples, is about to write a series of short stories dealing with the life of a flash criminal in West-end and Varsity life. The idea, in its latter aspect at any rate, seems very original. It is possible that Mr. Hornung will remain at Naples for some time, if he does not actually determine to live there.

Another novelist who spends the best part of the year out of England, Mr. William Le Queux, is about to use his large experience of Monte Carlo in a series of tales of the Casino and its world.

"Convict Ninety-nine," the story by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leighton, and dedicated to Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth, has been delayed in publication by the desire for more elaborate illustration. The book will now be published towards the end of February.

Mr. Joseph Hocking has just completed his new novel, which he calls "Mistress Nancy Molesworth." This is another story of Cornwall, in the same spirit of adventure which Mr. Joseph Hocking is now making his own. As the book is to run serially, it will not be published until the end of the year.

Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, about whose yacht such alarming accounts have appeared, is none the worse for his recent voyage in the Mediterranean. As a matter of fact, he was not on his ship at the time when the misfortune befell her. After a tour to the Balearic Isles, Mr. Pearson returned via Rome, Naples, and the Riviera. His yacht, however, encountered a terrific gale in the Bay of Biscay, and lay to for thirty-six hours. No one was more surprised than the captain that she ever came to port at all. Mr. Pearson has returned to London full of all sorts and conditions of schemes, which will become facts before the year is done.

Mr. A. E. Keete, formerly editor of the *Forum*, has become manager of the *Pall Mall Magazine* in the United States. It is evident that the monthly reviews in America find it increasingly difficult to hold their ground.

The date talked of at present for the appearance of Messrs. Harmsworth's long-expected monthly is May. Mr. Cecil Harmsworth is to be the editor.

Mr. G. W. Cable has finally abandoned editorial work. He is finishing a little series of tales in the style and tone of "The Taxidermist," with which he is satisfied. His health is much improved, and he has been able to undertake a six weeks' course of reading.

The Dictionary of Authors, by Charles Gidel and Frédéric Loliée, which has been in preparation for a long time past, has just been issued by MM. Colin et Cie. The book is on the whole very satisfactory and complete, though it is spoiled by the absurd illustrations which in France usually disfigure such works. The notices of contemporary foreign writers are somewhat erratic, but it is certainly pleasant to find that so many English writers of the present day are thought worthy of a place in such a work. Mr. Robert Buchanan ought to be particularly flattered, for there is quite an extended notice of his work, though no mention is made of George Macdonald, Thomas Hardy, or Rudyard Kipling.

A novel which is likely to create considerable interest is to be published in a few days simultaneously in this country and in France. This is "Le Désastre," by Paul and Victor Marguerite, the authors of "Poum" and other well-known books. The story deals in a very frank manner with the "Armée du Rhin" in 1870, and it is generally understood that the manuscript had to be considerably toned down before it was accepted by the very careful editor of *La Revue des Deux Mondes*.

The literary event of the month in Germany is the production and publication of Hermann Sudermann's Biblical tragedy, "Johannes" (John the Baptist). The book was ready in December of last year, but at the last moment the censor intervened and prohibited both the performance and publication of the play.

Alphonse Daudet was always greatly interested in the works of *les ieunes*, among whom his son Léon is one of the most prominent writers. Zola has, on the other hand, never shown the least sympathy with the young men of the Quartier Latin, and his attacks on *les jeunes* ("mes petiots," he called them) in the *Figaro*, which were afterwards republished in "Nouvelle Campagne," were received with great indignation.

Madame Alphonse Daudet, whose portrait we give on another page, has herself written a good deal, and her influence on her husband's work was, especially in his later years, very great. Her best known book is "Enfants et Mères," a collection of charming sketches of child life. Madame Daudet was for years a regular contributor to the *Figaro* and the *Journal Officiel*, writing under the name of Karl Stern.

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

DECEMBER 20TH, 1897, TO JANUARY 22ND, 1898.

(1) ENGLAND.

If ever a book was a popular present it was the case during the last Christmas season. The press of business in the book trade during the week immediately preceding Christmas Day can only be understood by those upon whom the work in connection with it falls. It is difficult to compare one year with another when working under great pressure, but the period in question is generally believed to have been one of the busiest ever experienced in the wholesale trade. There was the usual slight lull at the commencement of the new year, and now the school book season is setting in with its customary briskness.

Business with foreign countries and British possessions is still good, and English literature appears to be as popular as ever all the world over. May it ever be so! A strong patriotic feeling must have taken hold of the public about Christmas time, for copies of "Fitchett's Deeds that Won the Empire" could not be procured in sufficient quantities to meet the demand. Several works of a similar nature were also selling very freely.

There has been of late more business doing in theological literature, Gore's "Epistle to the Ephesians" and Anderson's "Silence of God" being sold in large numbers.

A very noticeable feature in the Christmas trade was the great popularity of six-shilling illustrated books, such as "Highways and Byways of Devon," "Nights with an Old Gunner," "Undine," and Rudyard Kipling's six-shilling books.

The death of "Lewis Carroll" has been followed by considerable enquiry for his charming books for children.

Six-shilling novels have abated nothing in favour with the reader. "The Christian" is the leading line, and with others that have been published for some months bid fair to occupy a permanent place in the literature of this country.

The issue of new books was continued till Christmas Eve. Many important works appeared too late for the season for which they were evidently intended. It has been suggested, in view of the enormous output of publications, that there should be a "close time" for books. Can anyone suggest a plan by which this could be carried out? It is certainly a more serious matter for the wholesale trade than one might suppose.

Blackie's 6s. books for boys were unrivalled in popularity. If the present generation of boys is not satisfied with them it must indeed be hard to please. These productions should be compared with a boy's book of forty or fifty years ago, say vol. I. of "Beeton's Boy's Own Magazine," which is before the writer of this article at this moment.

The appearance of "Peter the Great" and "Little Minister" on the stage will account for the sale in good numbers of the books bearing these titles.

The first ten books named on the list appended were the leading lines of the Christmas week. With regard to the others it will be noticed that they comprise almost every class of publication, and are probably the best of their kind. It is needless to suggest why Prince Ranjitsinhji's work on cricket should be wanted at Christmas time.

Deeds that Won the Empire. By W. H. Fitchett. 6s.
Highways and Byeways of Devon, etc. By A. H. Norway. 6s.
Blackie's 6s. Books for Boys.
Captains Courageous. By R. Kipling. 6s.
Miss Mouse. By Mrs. Molesworth. 4s. 6d.
Book of Verses for Children. Selected by E. Lucas. 6s.
Story of the Red Deer. By J. Fortescue. 4s. 6d.
Undine. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Pink Fairy Book. By A. Lang. 6s.
Nights with an Old Gunner. By C. J. Cornish. 6s.
The Christian. By Hall Caine. 6s.
In Kedar's Tents. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.
The King with Two Faces. By M. E. Coleridge. 6s.
The Sign of the Cross. By W. Barrett. 6s.
The Beetle. By R. Marsh. 6s.
The Gadfly. By E. L. Voynich. 6s.
Jerome. By M. Wilkins. 6s.
Sunset. By B. Whitby. 6s.
The Little Minister. By J. M. Barrie. 6s.
At the Cross Roads. By F. F. Montresor. 6s.
Paul Mercer. By Adderley.

Lochinvar. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
Kipling's 6s. Books.
Under the Dragon Thorne. By L. T. Meade. 6s.
Many Cargoes. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d.
Private Life of Queen Victoria. 2s. 6d.
Modern English Literature. By E. Gosse. 6s.
St. Paul. By F. B. Meyer. 2s. 6d.
Hazell's Annual. 3s. 6d.
The Jubilee Book of Cricket. By Prince Ranjitsinhji. 6s.
Peter the Great. By R. Waliszewski. 6s.
Poems. By Stephen Phillips. 4s. 6d. net.
The Epistle to the Ephesians. By Canon Gore. 3s. 6d.
Lewis Carroll's Works.
Whitaker's Directory of Titled Persons. 2s. 6d.
Korea. By Mrs. Bishop (Miss Bird). 2 vols. 24s.
Tennyson's Life. 2 vols. 36s. net.
Women of the Old Testament. By R. F. Horton. 3s. 6d.
Strength. By E. Sandow. 2s. 6d. net.
More Tramps Abroad. By Mark Twain. 6s.
The Ten Commandments. By G. Jackson. 2s. 6d.
The Silence of God. By R. Anderson. 5s.
Napoleon III. By A. Forbes. 12s.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Dec. 25, 1897.—The week of the year, and work was carried on at full pressure until Friday. Export departments fairly busy.
Jan. 1, 1898.—With the magazines there was a good week's work in the home trade. Foreign and colonial still good.
„ 8, „ —An easier week, trade becoming brisker at the close. Orders from abroad not quite so good.
„ 15, „ —A comparatively quiet week, school orders commencing towards the end. A busier time in the export departments.
„ 22, „ —This has been a fairly busy week, the school book orders arriving in good numbers. Foreign and colonial departments still well employed.

DECEMBER 20TH, 1897, to JANUARY 20TH, 1898.

(2) SCOTLAND.

Whilst the London bookseller may reckon upon his four or five days, or perhaps a week, of Christmas festivities, his "puir bruither Scot" in the wholesale trade is contented with his one day off provided he sees the piles of well-bought books on his shelves keep "wearin' awa' like snaw aff a dyke."

Such, fortunately, has been the case this season both in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and the report of the Scotch trade may be taken as one of good business done. No doubt, whilst looking forward to the busy season, the wholesaler fought shy of stocking expensive books, but the run upon those from 6s. downwards suitable for Christmas and New Year gifts has been very brisk.

In this connection notice may be taken of the ready demand for the late Professor Drummond's "Ideal Life" and the Rev. Hugh Black's "Friendship." One Glasgow firm sold many hundreds of the former work in a very few days. The first venture in publishing by the gifted colleague of Dr. Alexander Whyte was, of course, sure to attract attention, and there was no hesitancy on the part of the wholesalers to place orders for it, and their hopes were fully realised.

The great rejoicings of a few months ago cast their glamour into the winter season, and during the past few weeks such books as "Deeds that Won the Empire," by "Vedette," and Clement Shorter's "Victorian Literature" have been much asked for.

What has been termed the "Kailyaird" school of Scotch literature has somewhat fallen out recently, but a revival in the good old-fashioned "Mansie Waugh," through the celebration of the centenary of "Delta," has brought back pleasant recollections to many readers now no longer young, and the bookseller has profited thereby.

Crockett's "Lochinvar" and Gordon Phillips' "Flora Macdonald, the Maid of Skye" have been welcomed as a return to the good historical novel.

There has been no end of effort by the publishing houses to cater for the wants of the children, but the odd illustrations in books of poems and fairy tales have necessitated very careful buying on the part of the wholesale houses. "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts," The Book of Verses by E. V. Lucas, and Andrew Lang's Nursery Rhyme Book may be taken as typical of this new class of literature.

Both in bulk and weight the magazine trade during the month may be safely reckoned as the largest ever done. Some wholesale firms find this part of their business one of constant anxiety, on account of the large expenditure both in handling the bundles of magazines, and the great cost in transit by rail or steamer from London. No wonder they long for something of the large profit made by the retailers on magazines (full price being almost general in Scotland now) and the big value secured by the general public for little money.

Of the magazines, *The Strand*, *Windsor*, *Pearson's*, *Chambers'*, *Cassell's*, and the *Woman at Home* are the most popular in Scotland.

The twelve books most readily bought and sold have been:

The Beth Book.
The School for Saints.
At the Cross Roads.
The Ideal Life.
Friendship.
The Gadfly.
Captains Courageous.
In Kedar's Tents.
More Tramps Abroad.
Deeds that Won the Empire.
Book of Verses for Children. By Lucas.
Lochinvar.

In concluding this brief summary of the wholesale book trade in Scotland for the past month, no notice would be anything like complete without some reference to the extraordinary demand for Christmas numbers. *Black and White* certainly carried off the palm in this respect.

THE READER.

THE HUNDRED BEST NOVELS.

"WILL you write me out a list of the hundred best novels in the English language? They may be French or German or Chinese novels, but there must be accessible translations" This, in effect, is what I am asked to do, and the task is one admirably calculated to expose the limitations of one's reading, or the defectiveness of one's memory. It would be easy, it is true, to cut the knot by naming some twenty-six novels by Scott, some sixty by Balzac and Dumas, and a dozen by Turgenief, and thus providing the hundred in an instant. The delightful editions of Balzac and Dumas that we owe to Mr. Dent and the edition of Turgenief that comes from Mr. Heinemann, would satisfy all conditions with regard to translations. But to make the subject more interesting I prefer to make the restriction that only one novel of each author be named. I hope that by giving the date of publication of each novel I shall have added an element of interest as indicating developments in the history of fiction. My list will probably recall numerous omissions to the mind of this reader or of that, but it may serve, I hope, as a suggestion to the makers of libraries, if not as an actual incentive to the youthful student of literature.

1.	Don Quixote	1604	Miguel de Cervantes.
2.	The Holy War	1682	John Bunyan.
3.	Gil Blas	1715	Alain René le Sage.
4.	Robinson Crusoe	1719	Daniel Defoe.
5.	Gulliver's Travels	1726	Jonathan Swift.
6.	Roderick Random	1748	Tobias Smollett.
7.	Clarissa	1749	Samuel Richardson.
8.	Tom Jones	1749	Henry Fielding.
9.	Candide	1756	Françoise de Voltaire.
10.	Rasselas	1759	Samuel Johnson.
11.	The Castle of Otranto	1764	Horace Walpole.
12.	The Vicar of Wakefield	1766	Oliver Goldsmith.
13.	The Old English Baron	1777	Clara Reeve.
14.	Evelina	1778	Fanny Burney.
15.	Vathek	1787	William Beckford.
16.	The Mysteries of Udolpho	1794	Ann Radcliffe.
17.	Caleb Williams	1794	William Godwin.
18.	The Wild Irish Girl	1806	Lady Morgan.
19.	Corinne	1810	Madame de Stael.
20.	The Scottish Chiefs	1810	Jane Porter.
21.	The Absentee	1812	Maria Edgeworth.
22.	Pride and Prejudice	1813	Jane Austen.
23.	Headlong Hall	1816	Thomas Love Peacock.
24.	Frankenstein	1818	Mary Shelley.
25.	Marriage	1818	Susan Ferrier.
26.	The Ayrshire Legatees	1820	John Galt.
27.	Valerius	1821	John Gibson Lockhart.
28.	Wilhelm Meister	1821	Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.
29.	Kenilworth	1821	Sir Walter Scott.
30.	Bracebridge Hall	1822	Washington Irving.
31.	The Epicurean	1822	Thomas Moore.
32.	The Adventures of Hajji Baba	1824	James Morier.
33.	The Betrothed	1825	Alessandro Manzoni.
34.	Lichtenstein	1826	Wilhelm Hauff.
35.	The Last of the Mohicans	1826	Fenimore Cooper.
36.	The Collegians	1828	Gerald Griffin.
37.	The Autobiography of Mansie Wauch	1828	David M. Moir.
38.	Richelieu	1829	G. P. R. James.
39.	Tom Cringle's Log	1833	Michael Scott.
40.	Mr. Midshipman Easy	1834	Frederick Marryat.
41.	Le Père Goriot	1835	Honoré de Balzac.
42.	Rory O'More	1836	Samuel Lover.
43.	Jack Brag	1837	Theodore Hook.
44.	Fardorougha the Miser	1839	William Carleton.
45.	Valentine Vox	1840	Henry Cockton.
46.	Old St. Paul's	1841	Harrison Ainsworth.
47.	Ten Thousand a Year	1841	Samuel Warren.
48.	Susan Hopley	1841	Catherine Crowe.
49.	Charles O'Malley	1841	Charles Lever.
50.	The Last of the Barons	1843	Bulwer Lytton.
51.	Consuelo	1844	George Sand.
52.	Amy Herbert	1844	Elizabeth Sewell.
53.	Adventures of Mr. Ledbury	1844	Albert Smith.
54.	Sybil	1845	Lord Beaconsfield.
55.	The Three Musketeers	1845	Alexandre Dumas.
56.	The Wandering Jew	1845	Eugène Sue.
57.	Emilia Wyndham	1846	Anne Marsh.
58.	The Romance of War	1846	James Grant.
59.	Vanity Fair	1847	W. M. Thackeray.
60.	Jane Eyre	1847	Charlotte Brontë.
61.	Wuthering Heights	1847	Emily Brontë.
62.	The Vale of Cedars	1848	Grace Aguilar.
63.	David Copperfield	1849	Charles Dickens.
64.	The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell	1850	Anne Manning.
65.	The Scarlet Letter	1850	Nathaniel Hawthorne.
66.	Frank Fairleigh	1850	Francis Smedley.
67.	Uncle Tom's Cabin	1851	H. B. Stowe.
68.	The Wide Wide World	1851	Susan Warner (Elizabeth Wetherell.
69.	Nathalie	1851	Julia Kavanagh.
70.	Ruth	1853	Elizabeth Gaskell.
71.	The Lamplighter	1854	Maria Susanna Cummins.
72.	Dr. Antonio	1855	Giovanni Ruffini.
73.	Westward Ho!	1855	Charles Kingsley.
74.	Debit and Credit (Soll und Haben)	1855	Gustav Freytag.
75.	Tom Brown's School-Days	1856	Thomas Hughes.
76.	Barchester Towers	1857	Anthony Trollope.
77.	John Halifax, Gentleman	1857	Dinah Mulock.
78.	Ekkehard	1857	Viktor von Scheffel.
79.	Elsie Venner	1859	O. W. Holmes.
80.	The Woman in White	1860	Wilkie Collins.
81.	The Cloister and the Hearth	1861	Charles Reade.
82.	Ravenshoe	1861	Henry Kingsley.
83.	Fathers and Sons	1861	Ivan Turgenief.
84.	Silas Marner	1861	George Eliot.
85.	Les Misérables	1862	Victor Hugo.
86.	Salammbô	1862	Gustave Flaubert.
87.	Salem Chapel	1862	Margaret Oliphant.
88.	The Channings	1862	Ellen Wood.
89.	Lost and Saved	1863	The Hon. Mrs. Norton.
90.	The Schönberg-Cotta Family	1863	Elizabeth Charles.
91.	Uncle Silas	1864	Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu.
92.	Barbara's History	1864	Amelia B. Edwards.
93.	Sweet Anne Page	1868	Mortimer Collins.
94.	Crime and Punishment	1868	Feodor Dostoieffsky.
95.	Fromont Junior	1874	Alphonse Daudet.
96.	Marmorne	1877	P. G. Hamerton.
97.	Black but Comely	1879	G. J. Whyte-Melville.
98.	The Master of Ballantrae	1889	R. L. Stevenson.
99.	Reuben Sachs	1889	Amy Levy.
100.	News from Nowhere	1891	William Morris.

Of even more interest, no doubt, would be an attempt to suggest one's favourite novels by living authors, all of whom it will be seen are excluded from the above list—but who would be so courageous! And yet without invidiousness it is surely permissible for me to name some eight novels by writers whose reputations are too well established for their juniors to feel towards them any sentiments other than those of reverence and regard:

An Egyptian Princess	1864	Georg Ebers.
Rhoda Fleming	1865	George Meredith.
Lorna Doone	1869	R. D. Blackmore.
Anna Karenina	1875	Count Leo Tolstoi.
The Return of the Native	1878	Thomas Hardy.
Daisy Miller	1878	Henry James.
Mark Rutherford	1881	W. Hale White.
Le Rêve	1889	Emile Zola.

CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

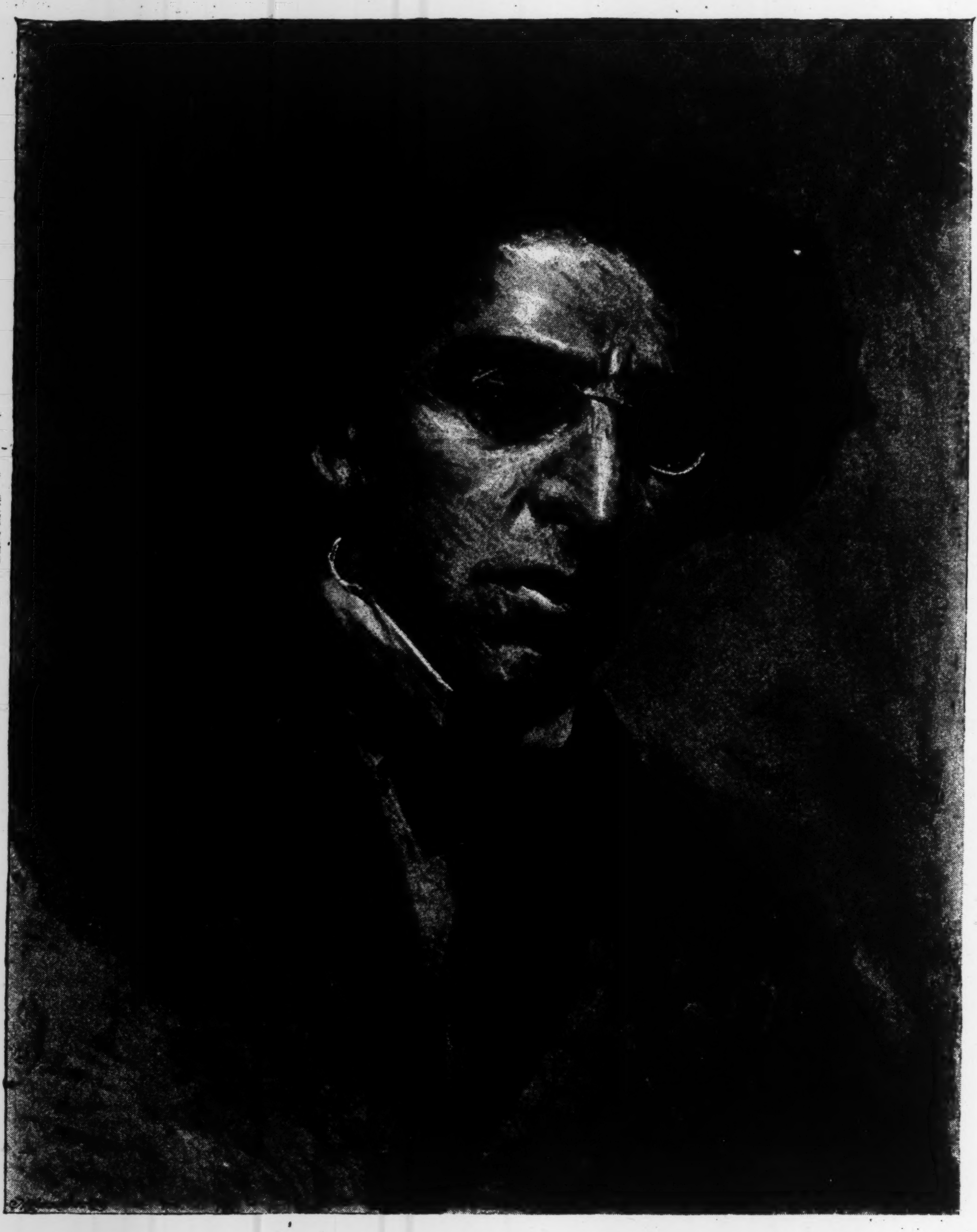
MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL INTERVIEWED.

IT cannot be said of Mr. Zangwill, as of some other writers who have been studied in these columns, that he has not been interviewed before. Mr. Zangwill is a much interviewed man. But though much has been written about him, many pages might be filled with matters that have not hitherto seen the light. Of his life there is, it is true, not much to be said that is not already known. The child of foreign Jewish parents in humble circumstances, he was born in London in 1864, passed his early childhood in Bristol and Plymouth, and returned to spend his youth among those East-end scenes which he has pourtrayed in "Children of the Ghetto." Admitted into the Jews' Free School, Spitalfields—the largest elementary school in the British Empire—he won three scholarships, became a pupil teacher, and, in due course, a full-fledged teacher.

In his first year he conducted a large class of sixty boys, with whom he accomplished the hitherto unprecedented feat of passing 100 per cent. in the sixth standard. It was a *tour de force* that he set himself to execute of set purpose. He wished to use his success as a lever for protesting against the system of elementary instruction then in vogue. Corporal punishment was not allowed, but was resorted to *sub rosa*. He considered that a moderate amount of such punishment was indispensable to the maintenance of discipline. At the same time, he declined to do anything that was not open and above board. His difference of opinion with the management on this question led to his resignation and not a little unpleasantness. He left, without means or "character," the school which now proudly claims him as its own. Thanks to his agitation, which the

Union of Teachers recognised by a special vote of thanks, the régime has since been modified. Elementary teachers are no longer driven to employ the cane in dishonest secrecy.

His first book, "The Premier and the Painter," had already been published (in collaboration with a fellow-teacher) while he was still at the Free School. Though the writers were unknown, and exhibited their literary inexperience by crowding into a single volume enough wit and matter for three or four, "The Premier and the Painter" attracted the approving notice of some discerning critics.



From a Pastel by] [Miss Amy Stewart

Yours without prejudice
I Zangwill.

He had also at this time written several of his "Ghetto Tragedies." The editor who in the earlier stages of Mr. Zangwill's career bought and published most of his work was Mr. Jerome K. Jerome.

There was a period in his early career when Mr. Zangwill edited a comic paper, *Ariel*, which he has described as one of those publications which are most appreciated by their free list. One of the *Punch* staff recently told him that it was the only comic paper they took seriously, and which they used to read so as to avoid repeating its jokes. They were not always successful.

Of course Mr. Zangwill can now command large prices for his works, but considering the smallness of his output, his remuneration is nothing like as large as might be supposed. As a matter of fact, he does not, like many popular novelists, write for money's sake. He has refused scores of commissions that would have brought him in money and nothing else. While he is writing, he thinks only of his art. But he has to live, and therefore when once his work is finished, he regards it as a marketable commodity for which he is entitled to get as good a price as possible.

In proof of the sincerity of his views, one need only look to his home life, which is simplicity itself. He lives in an unfashionable London suburb, and in a house the visitor to which is at once struck by the complete absence from his surroundings of anything betokening smug prosperity. Horse-riding and travel are the only two luxuries he permits himself, and both are indispensable to his work. A highly temperate liver, he does not even smoke. His library is a barely-furnished and untidy-looking apartment, filled with books that are for use and not for ornament. There are no first editions, no leather bindings; but his collection contains the best and most serviceable things that have been written in three or four languages, and a preponderance of works on metaphysics, of which he is a close student.

The only books one misses from the shelves are the author's own works, of which he can never keep a set; they are either begged, borrowed, or stolen. As for papers, they litter the whole room, and overflow into an adjoining one. Drawers are stuffed full of letters from all sorts of eminent people, many from professionals who write to say how the reading of "The Master" has helped them in their life-work. A large, battered trunk is crammed with press cuttings. Letters and cuttings are in the sublimest confusion. Every two or three days there is a clearance of the papers that accumulate on the writing-table. The mantelpiece is loaded with the spoils of travel. A cabinet and a few other pieces of antique furniture are not his. They have been collected by his brother, Louis Zangwill ("Z. Z."), who lives with him, and often writes his novels at the same table.

In this connection it may be mentioned that so far from having made the reputations of his two brothers, Louis and Mark, both the novelist and the artist have suffered from a relationship which has overshadowed them. People naturally rush to the conclusion that there cannot be three clever men in one family, and they attribute whatever publicity the younger men may have attained to the influence of their brother. Louis Zangwill had to adopt the pseudonym "Z. Z." to save confusion. In his reviews of books in the *Pall Mall Magazine* and *Cosmopolis*, Israel Zangwill felt constrained to ignore his brother's works out of deference to a censorious world. This was hardly fair to "Z. Z.," but "Z. Z.," who has now set up as a critic on his own account, threatens to repay him in kind.

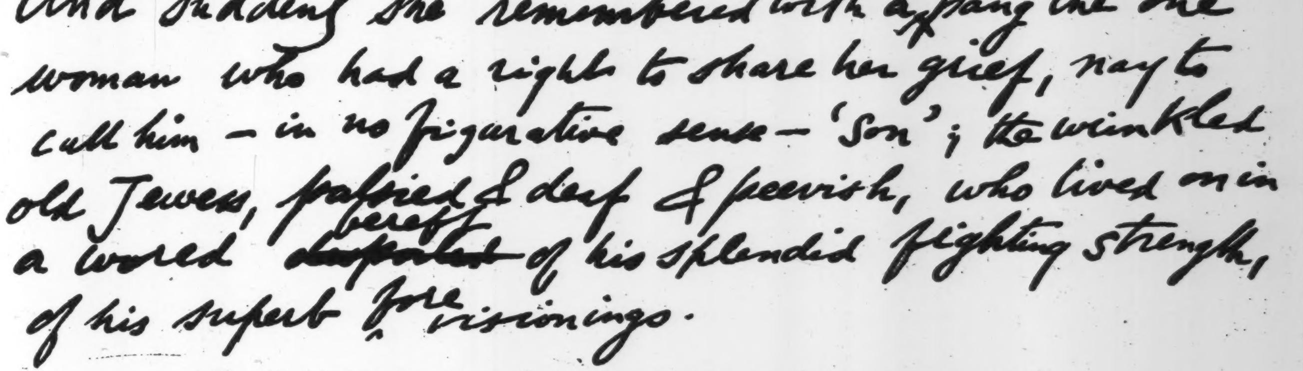
As to Israel Zangwill's methods of work, they may be described as irregular. He writes in great spurts of industry, which are preceded by weeks in which he can do nothing except read and study. When this feeling has worn off, he begins to grow restless. Then he takes up his writing again, and never puts it down until he has finished. He requires frequent change, and finds a long stay in London depressing.

When I called on him the other day, he had only a few hours before completed the MS. of his forthcoming work, "Dreamers of the Ghetto." The lines which are here reproduced in facsimile bring to a close the chapter on "The People's Saviour" (Ferdinand Lassalle). But, though the last written, "The People's Saviour" will not form the final chapter of the book.

"The chapters," he remarked, "will follow in a sort of chronological sequence corresponding to the age in which each historical personage lived. But some of the dreamers are mere artistic typifications, like the first, 'A Child of the Ghetto,' which represents the early environment of childhood that may be said to have been common to them all. The last, 'Chad Gadya,' is also merely a type of Jewish character, intended to represent the modern spirit of scepticism and pessimism by which the nineteenth-century Jew is influenced."

"My object," he remarks, in reply to a question I put to him as to the general purpose of his work, "is mainly to exhibit what contributions to human thought and aspiration Jewish thinkers in every age have made. The minds of the Jews have always been playing about the problems of the universe. This book will exhibit the play of the best intellects—Spinoza, Heine, Lassalle, and others unknown to European fame, as well as attempt to paint their portraits."

Most of the separate chapters that comprise "Dreamers of the Ghetto" having already appeared in magazine form, some idea of Mr. Zangwill's methods of treatment can



And suddenly she remembered with a fresh pang the one woman who had a right to share her grief, nay to call him – in no figurative sense – 'son'; the wrinkled old Jewess, palsied & deaf & peevish, who lived on in a world ~~despoiled~~ bereft of his splendid fighting strength, of his superb forevisionings.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF MR. ZANGWILL'S NEW BOOK, "DREAMERS OF THE GHETTO."

already be formed. The book must be classed with the historical novel, its author bringing to bear upon his subject the novelist's power of making historic figures live. As a rule, historical novelists aim at diverging from the facts of life by weaving into them elements of romance. Mr. Zangwill does not do that—at least, very seldom. His subjects sit to him as models, and he paints their portraits as an artist. He is certainly not wanting in inventive power, as many of his stories show, but he rates it lower than the power of translating the dead facts of history into life.

"The function of art," he once said to me, "is to focus. Invention is the smallest thing in art; treatment is the most important. I think the true life-story of a man so much finer than those lime-light dramatisations which one finds in novels and plays. The real tragedy of Uriel Acosta, for instance, is the tragedy of the thinker which can hardly be dramatised, and which Gutzkow's famous play misses."

"What is the idea you have sought to carry out in your chapter on Spinoza?" I asked.

"I have endeavoured," he said, "first, to give a living portrait of the man in his historical environment; secondly, to show the relationship of his philosophy to his personality; and thirdly, to suggest subtly the inadequacy to life of his own philosophy, and his unavoidable contradictions of it. No; I have not drawn him as a plaster saint Spinoza would have been the first to laugh at such an idea. He is neither absolutely faultless nor passionless."

"You have treated Ferdinand Lassalle on the same lines as Meredith has done?" I ask, noticing a copy of "The Tragic Comedians" on the table.

"No; I am sorry that the exigencies of my theme have brought me into collision with Meredith's fine Shakespearean treatment. ortunately for me, however, he has concentrated himself on the love-drama, and not upon the 'Dreamers of the Ghetto' aspect, so to speak; so that only the concluding portion of my story touches the same ground. Having had access to later Lassalle literature than Meredith, I read the details of his love-drama somewhat differently. With him the Jew and the Demagogue are only things that make the course of true love not to run smooth; with me they are the essence of the picture."

"Are you going to continue writing on Jewish subjects?"

"No, I shall drop the Ghetto for a time, as I did before. I shall alternate my Jewish work with an ordinary novel. I shall also amuse myself by writing a play. I have a large batch of correspondence on this matter. There is scarcely a London manager who has not coquetted with me, but it has never come to anything. I always find that a manager looks upon a playwright as a tailor who must cut to measure. One very distinguished man said to me: 'Zangwill, you can write the play of my life.' But I don't want to write the play of *his* life. Richard Mansfield in America has been at me for years; he wants to play 'King of Schnorrer's,' and once offered me a *carte blanche* commission to write no less than four plays for him.'"

"So there is nothing in the suggestion that is sometimes put forward as to your having found fault with the contemporary stage because you could not get your own plays produced?"

No, it is sheer nonsense. When I do write a play, I want to write it as a piece of literature, and I am not even sure that I should not publish it first, instead of offering it to a manager. I do not believe in distorting one's own books to make plays. One's artistic product should be sacred to one. And I do not believe a piece of art can have two endings, any more than a statue can have two heads. If I do dramatise one of my books, I should strictly adhere to the spirit of the original; but I would much prefer writing an original play."

"What other plans?"

"One day I shall collect my verses; and some day my more important criticisms or essays, preceded by that article on Criticism which I purposely excluded from 'Without Prejudice,' when it appeared in volume form."

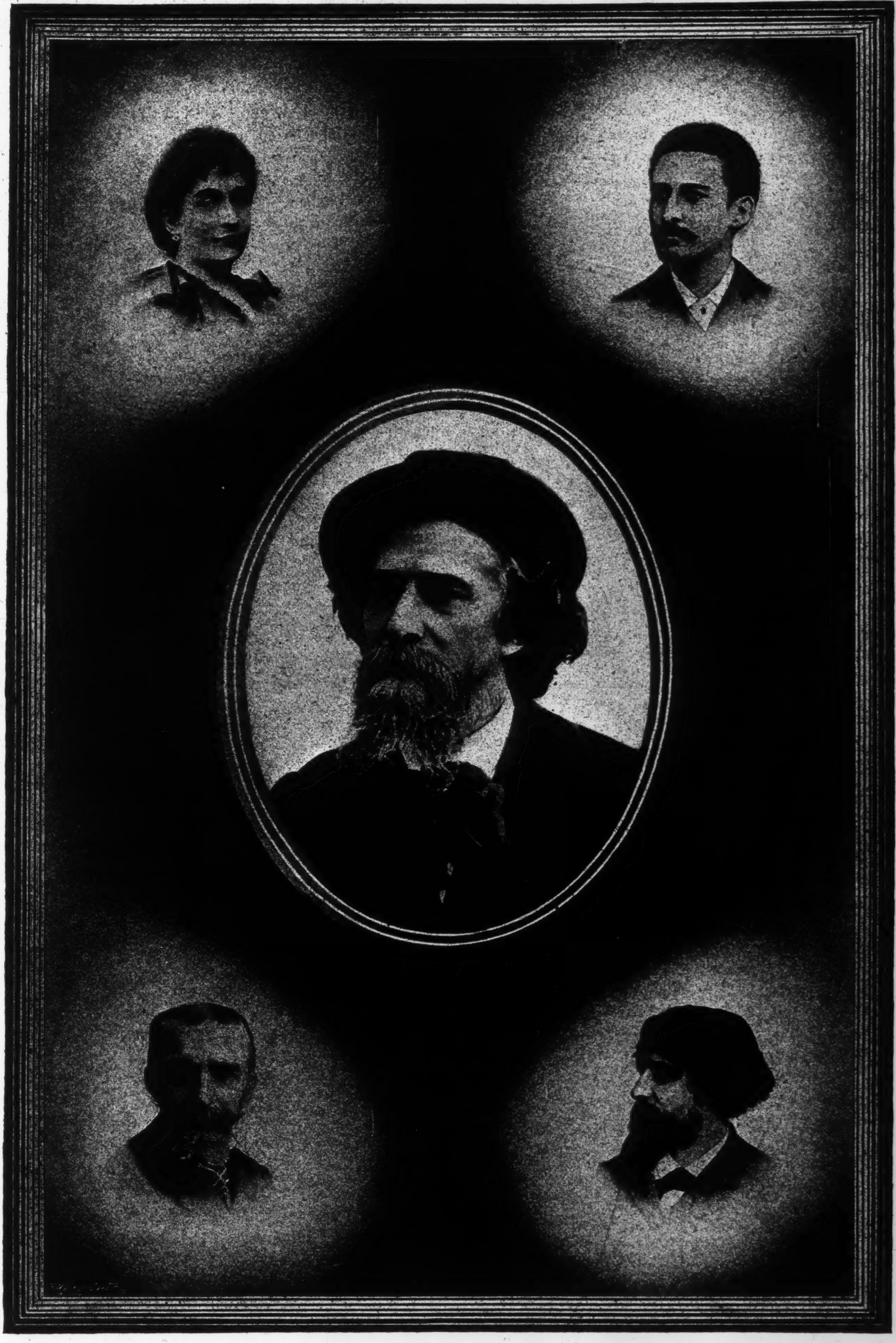
Mr. Zangwill has done a deal of lecturing in various parts of the world. Within the past twelve months he has lectured in Palestine, Holland, and Ireland. I asked him when he was going to America on a lecturing tour. "Major Pont," he answered, "has made up his mind that I am going next year, but I have no such intention at present. I rather shrink from the publicity and glare of it all. Lecturing in a small country like Holland or Ireland is a recreation. If ever I do go to the States, it will be an old promise to an intimate friend that will primarily take me there."

ISIDORE HARRIS.

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

BY SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, BART.

A GREAT literary artist has passed from among us, dying in the fifty-eighth year of his age; and yet, from the purely critical as distinct from the personal point of view, our feeling on reading of his death was that he had not died too soon; his work was done. The fact that his health had long been failing was generally known and duly deplored, and when some five or six years ago he published the little masterpiece of "Rose et Ninette," one divined the choice of its scale to be due to his no longer feeling equal to a great effort. In "La Petite Paroisse" (1895) signs of a relaxing grasp were but too manifest, nor did the presence in it of a single character-portrait in the author's best manner suffice to preserve the book from artistic failure. Yet, though Daudet's career as a novelist—comprised, as it was, within less than twenty years—was not as things go a long one, one cannot but feel that within itself it was perfect—rounded and complete. The author had done what was in him to do, in a degree to which few authors, however blessed with length of life, attain. In other words, in the superb series of masterpieces which began with "Froment Jeune" and closed with "L'Immortel," he had given the fullest, freest, and most perfect expression to himself. And the artist of whom this can be said, if any artist at all, is the one whom we count happy—both in life and after death. It is, then, in the works thus marked and set apart that we must seek the essential and authentic Daudet; and accordingly our present concern is neither with the romance and pathos of the author's life nor with his biographical writings, nor yet with his plays, or poems or short stories, nor again with such casual offshoots of his genius as the Tartarin books, nor with such "studies" as "Robert Helmont," nor such immature tentative essays as "Le Petit Chose" or "Jack."



MADAME ALPHONSE DAUDET.
(Photo., Otto.)

ERNEST DAUDET.
(Photo., Reutlinger.)

ALPHONSE DAUDET.
(The last portrait. Taken at Champrosay, Dec., 1897.)
(Photo., Bary.)

LEON DAUDET.

ALPHONSE DAUDET, 1885.
(Photo., Bary.)

In the limited space here at command, I propose to deal solely with the succession of his masterpieces, and to endeavour to throw into momentary relief their main characteristic, as, also, the two literary qualities, elsewhere unmatched, to which they mainly owe their distinction.

For the talent of Alphonse Daudet was essentially a simple, I might almost say a primitive one. It was intuitive for who would dream of applying to him the term "a trained observer"? He could *see*, and he could *write*—that, at first sight, seemed all. And assuredly that seems simple enough, until one tries to do likewise. And then one is likely to discover that there is this little additional fact to be reckoned with, that he was a consummate artist. Many have tried to imitate him, Claretie among them. As well try to see through another's eyes! Perhaps the first thing that struck one, some twenty years ago, when one fell under the fascination of his books, was their quality of *freshness*. Is there any one quality more essentially of genius? The material with which the author dealt in "Froment"—the middle-class life of contemporary Paris—was already hackneyed enough in all conscience; it belonged in common to himself and every other young author in the capital. But let no young author—so he but feel sure of himself—allow himself to be frightened from the subject of his choice by these words: "It has been done before." *Everything* has been done before; and his friends and seniors are not likely to let him blink the fact. Let him remember, however, that, so long as it has not been done by *himself*, for him the thing has not yet been done. So was it with young Daudet. His materials might be as hackneyed as you like, but there was not a scene, scarce a word, in the book which he made out of them which was not in the truest sense original. Of course this is but one more version of the old story of the man who "thinks for himself"—of an ancient, a worn-out world beheld by a new eye. But perhaps no more original talent, no eye of more limpid and delicate vision,* has been known in modern times. Not for him was the quest for "out of the way" material, for an unusual pose, or point of view. What lay nearest to his hand he took; for him it was quite good enough.

In the preface to "Le Nabab," the author, who was far too much of an artist, far too "modern," not to "know himself," in a sense unforeseen by Socrates—to know, that is, the strength and weakness of his talent, to have gauged with utmost nicety his own resources,—in that well-judged and tantalising preface, which to some extent is also a confession Daudet recognises what we call "vision" as the basis of his genius. A brain on which, as on a highly sensitive plate the scenes of the external world are photographed—this is all he lays claim to. (At a later period he acknowledged, also, the dual existence of the artist—the presence that is within himself of the man pure and simple, born to act, to suffer, and no more; and, side by side with him, of the impassive silent "reporter," mechanical in all but his curiosity, registering impartially, as in indelible ink, every sensation as it is experienced.) He was now to begin deliberately to turn his lens in the direction of subjects of a certain class. And yet, even as one writes these words one questions their accuracy. For was it, indeed, artistic predilection for what was grandiose, elegant, in a certain sense beautiful, which now led Daudet to seek his material in scenes of the Great World of Fashion and Society; or was it merely the chance which—having thrown him under Morny's protection, and made of him for a space a fashionable poet—had specially familiarised and impressed him with such scenes? A label is known to be an adhesive article, but nevertheless one is surprised to find the British label of "French Dickens" (justified at the best only by a few frank imitations in early life) still adhering to this great and most original artist after his death. Still, it is just possible that, had the lines of Daudet's life lain in less pleasant places, he might have continued to find his hunting-ground among the *bourgeois* and the boor, the *petit employé* and the *commis-voyageur*—among those individuals and those classes, in fine, which the greatest of literary caricaturists loved the best, and on which the marvellous refraction of his genius for the grotesque has done much to confer a permanent interest. But one can scarcely fancy that this could have been so. To select was with Daudet an instinct, and no doubt the grandiose fascinated him, just as, to compare small things with great (the small being, *bien entendu*, those of the British peer and premier) it had fascinated Disraeli before him.

It was in "Le Nabab," then, that Daudet gave us his first great pictures of Society, and in so doing he was favoured both by the period and the nationality to which he belonged. For to the eye of the artist who was content to be an artist and not a philosopher, the sumptuousness of the Second Empire was not the less satisfying because it so happened that that sumptuousness was supported on a rotten foundation. We have sumptuousness, however, in England—sumptuousness, in all conscience, and to spare, and yet no accredited Society novel, no literary pictures of Society which rank as classic. I state this as a fact, not as a paradox, and write in fullest cognizance of all the tedium of Trollope, all the penury of *Tressady*, and all the commonplace of Norris. But perhaps the reason of this want is not far to seek. It lies probably in what for artistic purposes is the radical distinction between the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin races—to wit, the possession or the lack of the "sense of form." For a Society which, with all its command of material wealth and beauty, all its positive advantages in respect of frankness and originality, shall yet lack the sense of form—such a society must continue to supply less attractive subject-matter to the artist. And I imagine that no one who has had the smallest opportunity of comparing the salons of the Faubourg with the drawing-rooms of Mayfair can fail to note how they differ in this particular. Thus, then, was Daudet favourably situated for a work in which, but for the influence of Byron, De Musset would probably have to some extent anticipated him, and certainly he turned his advantages to the very fullest account. It is no purpose of mine here to go into the vexed question of his alleged portraits from the life, though I may venture in passing to express my strong opinion that any indiscretions under this heading which he may have committed were but small, and have been grossly exaggerated. To associate the name of a gifted and erratic heroine of romance with that of a celebrated actress, on the ground that they alike practise the art of sculpture, or to jump to the conclusion that a *méridional* statesman in a book is necessarily drawn from the *méridional* statesman most prominent at the time in the public eye—this is just the sort of exercise for which the ingenuity of the man in the street qualifies him. But the subject is certainly one which, if it requires serious consideration at all, requires much more serious consideration than that gentleman is qualified to give to it.

---

* Among physiological curiosities and contradictions revealed by the biography of genius, I know of none more striking than the fact that Daudet, who has made us all see so much, was himself extremely short-sighted.

The series of society pictures, as of novels dealing, in the author's own phrase, with the Mœurs Parisiennes, which had been begun in "Le Nabab" or "Froment," was triumphantly continued through "Les Rois en Exil," "Numa Roumestan" (which the author is said to have preferred as the most truly original of all his books), and "L'Immortel," and these are the books which, by any one wishing to gain a knowledge of Daudet, must be read. From these, "Sapho" and "L'Evangéliste" stand apart. They are studies of specific passions—the one, dealing with degraded love, the other with Lucretius' "evils to which religion could persuade." "L'Evangéliste," notwithstanding its delightful opening chapters, is more than half a failure, whilst—though no one is likely to forget that splendid bit of the grotesque in "Sapho," where the young man rows the worn-out daughters of pleasure on the lake—it may be said of the two books generally that they are less pictorial, and consequently less distinctive of their author than his other works produced at the same period and constructed on the same scale. But, indeed, the four novels which we have grouped together are in themselves exhaustive. They display on the one hand the author's subject, and on the other his talent, in fullest measure, with result, in the consecrated phrase that they "leave nothing to be desired." It is to these pages that, in times to come, historians wishing to study the social "functions" of the age will turn, as, for instance, to "L'Immortel" for its superb painting of a semi-official dinner-party, and the high-jinks which follow the much-desired withdrawal of the Papal Nuncio; to "Numa" for an afternoon reception; to "Les Rois en Exil" for the ball held on the eve of the departure of the revolutionary expedition; to "L'Immortel" again for the funeral of a "celebrity," and so on. But, in so turning, the antiquarian of the future will find himself confronted by no photograph, but by a picture—by no conscientious stupid "document" as in "La Curée" of Zola, but by the quintessence of all the "functions" of the kind, presented with the finest of art. In a word, as the dinner-party of a *parvenu* of Nero's reign is presented to readers of to-day in the "Satyricon," so will the pages of Daudet show to after times all that is externally most characteristic of the society of the Second Empire and the Republic.

And this brings us to the second of the two great attributes, namely, perfect vision and a perfect style, which unite to make Daudet a great man of letters. In respect to style, his is essentially the art which conceals art; his style never attracts attention to itself. It is perfect because always equal to the occasion—never in excess of it, and never in defect—and, indeed, one can quite well imagine a non-literary reader keenly enjoying the books without ever thinking about the style at all, or noticing that there was any style to think about. How different this from the case of Gautier or of Flaubert, of Stevenson or of Pater! And yet each of these was, in his own way, an admirable stylist too. The lettered reader, on the other hand, is, of course, alive and sensitive to style. He looks below the surface, and what a delight it is to him to read a page of Daudet—a page in which probably nothing more remarkable is described than, say, well-bred people talking together in a handsome room, with dusk coming on, and the servants bringing in lights! "If not commonplace, this must be flunkeyism!" one may perhaps exclaim. It is neither. Nor does the interest centre in the conversation, for in Daudet there is no conversation to speak of, but at most some characteristic ejaculation, or typical exchange of remarks, which shall help to bring the scene before the reader. Such was the master's method. *To paint the scene*—but, be it well understood, in a legitimate, literary, and no bastard colourist's, style, keeping, that is, ever within the limits prescribed by his own art—to paint the scene, this, first and last, was Alphonse Daudet's preoccupation. He chose his subjects from the brilliant and elegant life which he saw around him, and in the art of putting what he himself saw before his readers, he has had in prose, so far as I am aware, no rival in bygone times.

But if his appeal was in the first instance to the eye, it certainly did not stop there. Nor must it be counted against him that, in this brief review of his work, an enthusiastic admirer has thought well to dwell first, and almost exclusively, on his *scenes*, even at the expense of his characters. Yet it is character, surely, which has the best chance of giving permanent interest and vitality to a novel. To this I reply that we have had other novelists who have been Daudet's equals in character-painting, but none, I believe, who have been his equals in scene-painting. (And in the expression "scene-painting" I, of course, include, not the mere background only, but, in so far as it appeals to the eye, the life and movement of the puppets on the stage as well.) And thus, in accordance with my programme at starting, it is to Daudet's scene-painting that I have here given special prominence. But it would be erroneous in the last degree to conclude, on that account, that Daudet fell below himself in the delineation of character. In rendering this, it is true that his art belonged to the mimetic rather than the philosophic order, just as he himself was an artist rather than a thinker. But his psychology was always equal to the demand made upon it, just as it was always "at first-hand," and had the *netteté* which distinguished all he did. And we have but to glance at the array of his characters—from Chèbe and Delobelle to Numa and Paul Astier, from Sidonie to "Mari-Anto" and the noble Queen of Illyria—to acknowledge that he has reared to a healthy life (should I not rather say a healthy immortality?) as numerous and varied an offspring as e'er an one of his compeers.

In conclusion, let me ask when we are to have an adequate English translation of the best of Daudet's novels? This we certainly have not at present, and, perhaps, unless an English Daudet should arise to execute the work, we need not expect one. Mr. Verrall's translation of "L'Immortel" was certainly inadequate. In the case of a Balzac, such rough and ready workmanship might perhaps pass muster. In the case of an Alphonse Daudet it will not.

THE LONE OF SOUL.

The world has many lovers, but the one
She loves the best is he within whose heart
She but half-reigning queen and mistress is,
Whose lonely soul forever stands apart.

Who from her face will ever turn away,
Who but half-hearing listens to her voice,
Whose heart beats to her passion, but whose soul
Within her presence never will rejoice.

What land has let the dreamer from its gates,
What face belovèd hides from him away?
A dreamer outcast from some world of dreams—
He goes forever lonely on his way.

The wedded body and the single soul,
Beside his mate he shall most mateless stand,
Forever to dream of that unseen face—
Forever to sigh for that enchanted land.

Like a great pine upon some alpine height,
Torn by the winds and bent beneath the snow,
Half overthrown by icy avalanche,
The lone of soul throughout the world must go.

Alone among his kind he stands alone,
Torn by the passions of his own strange heart,
Stoned by continual wreckage of his dreams,
He in the crowd forever is apart.

Like the great pine that rocking no sweet nest,
Swings no young birds to sleep upon the bough,
But where the raven only comes to croak—
"There lives no man more desolate than thou!"

So goes the lone of soul amid the world—
No love upon his breast, with singing, cheers;
But sorrow builds her home within his heart,
And nesting there will rear her brood of tears.

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

THE JOURNALIST.

THE STAFF OF THE *DAILY CHRONICLE.*

Founded in 1865, the *Chronicle* was merely a local sheet, circulating chiefly in Clerkenwell, until 1876, when it was purchased by the late Mr. Edward Lloyd, who converted it into an imperial organ and laid the foundations of the great success it has achieved. His eldest son, Mr. Frank Lloyd, is now managing director of the newspaper business, and takes keen and sympathetic interest in the *Chronicle* and its work. The men of strong convictions and pronounced personality who in recent years have directed the policy of the paper have made it a force to be reckoned with. Journalists of the type of Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Massingham, and Mr. Norman, inevitably break away from old traditions and create precedents. The *Chronicle* is now a paper which "does things." Some think that latterly it has done rather too much in the East; however that may be, it must be very satisfactory to the *Chronicle*, as a Liberal paper, to know that not long ago Mr. Gladstone expressed in writing to the editor his strong and unqualified approval of the bold line it took on the Armenian and the Greek questions. Mr. Massingham, who was born at Norwich in 1860, at the age of sixteen began his brilliant journalistic career in the office of the *Norfolk News* and *Daily Press*. At twenty-five he came to London as editor for the National Press Agency. He helped to launch the *Star* in 1888, as assistant-editor, and on Mr. O'Connor's retirement became editor. His association with the *Chronicle* dates from 1891. He began as leader-writer, next took charge of the literary page, and then became assistant-editor. Going to the Gallery in '92, he wrote the Parliamentary sketch and frequently the Parliamentary leader up to '95, when he was called to the editorial chair, vacated by Mr. Fletcher. Although the editor of a great daily has ample to do without writing a line, Mr. Massingham's facile pen may be traced continuously, not only in the leader columns but also in special descriptive sketches, reviews, dramatic criticism, etc. He usually gets to Whitefriars Street before six o'clock, and, having seen the paper to press, goes home about three. Mr. Henry Norman, whose stated post is that of assistant-editor, has charge of the literary page, and contributes leaders, notes, and special articles. He writes chiefly, though not exclusively, on foreign affairs. His special missions to Washington, the Near East, Greece, etc., have won him a world-wide, unique reputation. The chief sub-editor is Mr. C. Sharp, who has been on the staff since the paper was founded, and whose son, Mr. C. Orchard Sharp, is also in the office. The second assistant-editor is Mr. W. J. Fisher (who married Mdlle. Adrienne Dairolles, the actress), and Mr. J. H. Ryley is another old member of the staff. The foreign editor is Mr. Frisby. Mr. Heron assists Mr. Massingham in the news department. The *Chronicle* has shown a tendency to follow, with some qualification, the American style of setting out—but not, happily, of "writing up"—its news. In addition to the important work of furnishing the Parliamentary sketch, Mr. Harold Spender occasionally writes a leader, a special interview, or book review. The head of the Parliamentary reporting corps is Mr. S. J. Fisher, who has long been connected with the paper. A very valuable member of the staff is Mr. Charles Williams, doyen of active war correspondents, who probably has more intimate knowledge of army organization than any living civilian. When he is in England (he is now up the Nile), it is generally safe to assume that the *Chronicle's* pronouncements on army questions are written or inspired by him. Leader-writers, in addition to those already mentioned, include Mr. B. F.C. Costelloe, L.C.C., who writes chiefly on politics; Mr. Vaughan Nash, who deals with Labour subjects, and was largely responsible for the series of special articles on the Workmen's Compensation Bill; and Mr. A. B. Walkley, who discusses literature and the drama; Mr. William Clarke handling philosophical, theological, and kindred subjects in both leader and review columns. Mr. Henry Nevinson, who represented the paper in Greece during the war, also occasionally writes a leader. But the *Chronicle's* leader-writers are not a distinct species of journalist who rigidly confine themselves to that particular work; most members of the staff are ready, when called upon, to do an interview, a descriptive sketch, or a special article. Mr. Massingham believes in sending out well qualified men to thoroughly investigate a subject, so that it may be treated with the knowledge and ability of an expert; witness the articles on Dangerous Trades and Workmen's Compensation. Mr. Chamberlain is said to have taken special interest in the last-named series. Much of the interviewing is done by Mr. Milne and Mr. Whelan Boyle; a recent piece of work by the former was the story of Capt. Brown, the whaler and Arctic explorer. Mr. A. K. Morrison keeps an eye on religious and ecclesiastical events and movements. There is a special reporter for Labour news in the person of Mr. Naylor. The financial editor is Mr. Skinner. Mr. Mackenna, who is Mr. Massingham's secretary, co-operates in many departments of the paper. Coming to sport, little attention is given to horse-racing, but quite a small army of specialists write on cricket, football, cycling, angling, billiards, etc. Mr. Gibson is responsible for the column of notes, "Play and Players." The dramatic critic is Mr. Northcott, who also, with others, attends to music. Of late years Mr. Runciman has acted for the *Chronicle* during the opera season. Mr. Joseph Pennell is understood to guide the paper in art matters. The *Chronicle* has just reason to be proud of its achievements in pictorial illustration. Nearly all the leading black-and-white artists have done work for it. It is the only daily paper in which a drawing by Mr. Whistler has appeared, and he is said to have been more than satisfied with its reproduction. Mr. Hedley Fitton's full-page picture of the Lord Mayor's Show was a triumph. The *Chronicle* reproduces nothing but good work, and pays high prices. If it cannot yet compete with the American papers in rapidity or quantity of production, its best work is probably superior to anything they have done on the rotary press. Experiments are still being made. To name all the people who review for the *Chronicle* would be to give an almost complete list of living leading men of letters. Even Mr. Swinburne has condescended to review a book for the *Chronicle.* Mr. Frederic Harrison's hand may occasionally be detected in the paper. Mr. William Archer, Mr. Lionel Johnson, and Mr. Edward Clodd are frequent reviewers. Mr. Le Gallienne reviews poetry occasionally. Among the *Chronicle's* foreign correspondents are: at Paris, Mr. Clifford Millage; Berlin, Mr. Morrison; Vienna, Mr. Horowitz; Rome, M. Carry; Brussels, Mr. Huybers; Washington, Mr. Maurice Low, brother of Mr. Sidney Low. The *Chronicle* has special arrangements for obtaining information regarding social and democratic movements in Germany, Spain, America, the colonies, etc. Mrs. Aria and other ladies make the Saturday issue specially interesting to their own sex. In it Mrs. Henry Norman has pleaded for reform in dress and cooking, and Mrs. Meynell has been a contributor. The *Chronicle* accepts a good deal of work from women journalists, and has at least one regular lady-reporter. Mr. Barry Pain's "Tompkins" verses are a highly popular feature of the Saturday issue. Mr. Pain, by the way, should be added to the list of occasional reviewers. Finally, it must be mentioned that the business manager of the *Chronicle* and also of *Lloyd's News* is Mr. Hance, who has been connected with the firm for many years.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

The *Morning* has undergone another change of proprietors. Mr. Cooke, of Sheffield, is the managing director of the new syndicate, and Mr. McMannus, late of the *Daily Mail* and *Evening News*, is the new editor. Mr. F. J. Hillier, the late editor, was urged to remain, and to take a post of great responsibility, but could not see his way to accept the offer. With the exception of the three sub-editors, Messrs, Curtis, Bell, and Hooper, the entire editorial staff—Messrs. R. Redman, A. W. Pury, E. Smith, and F. J. Wayman—have retired.

Mr. T. A. Cook is the new assistant editor of the *St. James's Gazette.* He was educated at Wadham College, Oxford, and has had considerable journalistic experience in the United States. When at the University he was a noted oarsman, and rowed No. 3 in the Oxford boat in 1889. Mr. Cook retains his interest in aquatics and other branches of sport, upon which subject, indeed, he is an authority.

Mr. Henry Rose, who for eight sessions has been on the Gallery staff of the Central News, has joined the Parliamentary staff of the *Standard.* He was for some years editor of the *Hull Express* and *Eastern Morning News*; later, he edited the *Lancashire Daily Post,* and afterwards he was on the editorial staff of the *Belfast Whig.*

Mr. Charles Dawbarn, late of Coventry and Nottingham, has been appointed to the reporting staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette.*

Mr. F. A. Lawrence, who was for several sessions on the Gallery staff of a combination of newspapers, has joined the Parliamentary corps of the *Manchester Guardian.* Mr. Lawrence is a native of Banff; he came to London some years ago to represent the *Scottish Leader.*

Mr. James Drysdale, whohas been for several years connected with the *Manchester Guardian,* has been appointed London correspondent of the *Liverpool Daily Post.* A native of Dunfermline, he began his career on the *Edinburgh Daily Review,* and was for some time a reporter in Leeds.

Mr. Silas K. Hocking has undertaken to write a weekly causerie for the National Press Agency, under the title of "For a Quiet Hour." Another weekly column issued by this enterprising organisation is "Health and Home," by Dr. Gordon Stables.

Mr. Ernest Townley, of the *Birmingham Daily Mail,* is removing to London, having received a sub-editorial appointment on the *Star.*

Mr. Walter A. Smith, chief sub-editor of the *Birmingham Daily Gazette,* has been appointed to the newly-created day sub-editorship in the office of the *Yorkshire Post.*

Mr. T. W. Mercer, of Richmond, has been engaged by the *Birmingham Weekly Post* as special artist.

Mr. H. Barber, chief sub-editor of the *Birmingham Daily Post,* will retire next month on a pension provided by the proprietors. Mr. Barber joined the staff of the *Post* thirty-five years ago as reporter, and two years later entered the sub-editorial department, at the head of which he has been for a quarter of a century.

Mr. F. Midgley, formerly reporter to the *Keighley News,* and subsequently to the *Bradford Daily Argus,* has been appointed clerk of committees and shorthand writer to the Legislative Assembly of Cape Colony at a salary of £350 per annum. Mr. Midgley went to the Cape four and a half years ago, and until recently has been on the staff of the *Cape Times.* Before receiving his present appointment he was examined in Dutch, the Afrikaansche Toal (the local patois), shorthand, and Dutch shorthand.

Upon relinquishing the managership of the *Nottingham Express* for an appointment on the commercial staff of the *Daily News,* Mr. D. Edwards received valuable presents from all branches of the *Express* staff.

Mr. H. Leach, who has for several years been on the sub-editorial staff, is about to sever his connection with the *Nottingham Express* for journalistic and literary work in London.

The proprietors of the *Nottingham Daily Guardian* and *Evening Post* have given their annual treat to the children who habitually sell the evening paper in the streets of the city. The youthful guests, numbering about 800, were regaled with a bountiful dinner, and afterwards entertained at a matinee performance at the circus.

Mr. J. W. Dickenson, B.A., late headmaster of a Board school at Hull, and Mr. Lawrence have purchased the *Leamington Advertiser.* Mr. Dickenson is editor.

The price of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* has been reduced from twopence to one penny.

Mr. David Christie Murray is contributing a weekly letter, "Ways of the World," to *News of the Week.*

Mr. Fred Taylor, who served his apprenticeship on the *Lowestoft Weekly Press,* has accepted the managership of the *Liskeard Weekly Mercury,* a new venture of the Western Newspaper Company.

The *Woking Observer,* which has been published by Messrs. Gale and Polden, of Aldershot, has been purchased by Mr. A. F. Asher, the proprietor of the *Surrey Advertiser,* and will in future be issued as a special edition of the latter journal.

Scotland.

Mr. Horace Adams, formerly sub-editor of the *Illustrated Edinburgh Weekly News,* has joined the staff of the *Edinburgh Evening News.* The vacancy on the weekly paper has been filled by Mr. Charles Blue, of the *Dundee Courier.*

Mr. A. Dallas, of the *Dundee Courier,* has joined the reporting staff of the *Scotsman.*

The *Aberdeen Journal,* the only Conservative daily in Scotland, completed on the 5th of January the 150th year of its existence. A *facsimile* of the first number was produced, and had a very large circulation. Copies were forwarded to the Queen, members of the Government, and other distinguished personages. The editor, Mr. David Pressby, received many congratulations.

Mr. John Macleay, who for the past two years has been assistant to Mr. John Macleod, M.P., in the editorship of the *Highland News,* published in Inverness, has received an appointment on the sub-editorial staff of the *Liverpool Courier.*

Mr. Alex. Ramsay, LL.D., who recently attained his jubilee as editor of the *Banffshire Journal,* has been presented with his portrait and a cheque for £120 from members of the Polled Cattle Society and friends in the town and county of Banff, in recognition of his work as editor of the Society's Herd Book, and his services to journalism in the north of Scotland.

Wales.

Mr. C. Billyeald, sub-editor of the *South Wales Argus,* published at Newport, has secured a responsible position on the *Staffordshire Sentinel.*

Mr. T. Evans, editor of the *Brython,* the Unionist organ of Wales, has undertaken the editorship of the *Carmarthen Journal* in succession to Mr. D. Watkins, who goes to Lampeter to practise as a solicitor.

IRELAND.

Mr. McCarthy, late editor of the *Northern Star*, Belfast, and formerly of the London *Sun*, has been appointed assistant editor of the Dublin *Evening Telegraph*.

Mr. John McGrath has been appointed to the post on the *Freeman's Journal* editorial staff rendered vacant by the appointment of Mr. W. P. Coyne to a Fellowship in the Royal University.

Mr. J. G. Leigh has resigned his position on the sub-editorial staff of the *Northern Whig*, Belfast, and Mr. John Shaw, of South Shields, has lately joined that newspaper. Mr. Anderson, late news editor of the *Glasgow Daily Record*, has been appointed editor of the *Belfast News Letter* in place of Mr. Richard Lilburn, F.J.I., who for almost forty years occupied the chief literary position on that old-established paper.

NEW BOOKS.

MR. BELL'S "CHRISTINA ROSSETTI."*

Mr. Mackenzie Bell must have been prepared for much of the criticism his careful and painstaking work has received. There was not much to be told about Miss Rossetti, and Mr. Bell has tried to tell it all. In doing so he has inevitably given much that is trivial and commonplace, and which must appear to those who are not profoundly interested in his subject superfluous and even irritating. But it should be remembered that if he had merely given what would be considered salient in ordinary life, his story would have been told in a very few pages. Christina Rossetti's career was singularly monotonous and restricted. She herself was in the highest degree reserved, and this reserve became early a second nature. There are those who will thank Mr. Bell that he has set out fully, once for all, everything that is known, or ever will be known, about the life of a very great writer. This is not a book for the multitude, but one for the inner circle, and those for whom it is written will not complain. It is gratifying to see that throughout Mr. Mackenzie Bell has shown great good taste and delicacy of feeling. His critical remarks are unpretending in style, but so far as they go we are inclined to think he is on the right track. Christina Rossetti was a great poetess in almost all her moods. Her own experience of love and sorrow was of the deepest, and she has given it permanent expression. But she was, above all things, a Christian of the churchly type, and it is as an interpreter of Christianity, or rather of this phase of Christianity, that she will live. Those who are with her in her religious belief will, without hesitation, pronounce her the greatest of English religious poets, greater than Herbert or Vaughan or Crashaw, and they will rest her claim mainly on her book entitled "Verses." There is much reason to think that she would have accepted this choice.

Her profound and passionate religious feeling isolated her from many literary influences to which she would naturally have been susceptible. It also prevented those who were nearest her, and were otherwise eminently fitted to judge, from giving her full appreciation. Dante Rossetti, in so far as he sympathised with Christianity in any form, was a Catholic, and he dimly perceived the greatness of her best religious work. Yet no one would say that Dante Rossetti was a Christian in any recognisable sense. We do not wish to speak severely of Mr. W. M. Rossetti. He has done valuable critical work from the day when he first among English men of letters, recognised the value of George Meredith's first book of poems, but with the best intentions he cannot be said to have served well the memory of his brother and sister. No more unhappy production than the letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti has appeared in our time, none more full of cruel, unnecessary, and harmful disclosures. Mr. Rossetti did his sister's memory a great wrong when he published after her death a volume of her uncollected poems, which for good reasons she had set aside. In that volume he showed, by his frequent errors, how little he really knew of Miss Rossetti's work, but the serious disqualification in his case also is an entire lack of religious intelligence and sympathy. Even so sound and excellent a critic as Dr. Garnett speaks of "Verses" as "meritorious in its way, but scarcely affecting to be literature." He also says that "no excision could have removed the taint of disease which clings to her most beautiful poetry, whether secular or religious." On criticism of this kind all that can be said is that there is a difference on first principles. The consciousness of the gulf between her and her brothers and their literary friends intensified Christina Rossetti's reserve. It is well known that she would not read many of the poems written by her own ardent friends and admirers. She was a loving sister, deeply attached to her brothers, but never gave them anything like intimate confidence. Her heart was revealed to her mother and to her sister, who were one with her in faith, and to her the strong bond was ever not merely a literary kinship, but a religious fellowship. Owing to this, nearly all that has been written about her, even by critics of great reputation, is almost entirely inept. It does not in any way touch the heart of the matter. It fastens upon characteristics which were secondary and not primary, and passes over what is essential either in kindly silence or as disease. It is very much to Mr. Mackenzie Bell's credit that he perceives this.

Miss Rossetti had few of the qualities which the modern woman most covets. She was perhaps beautiful in her early youth, although her brother idealised too much for us to be certain. She had always about her the beauty of the soul, but in her later years at least nothing more could be said. She had no gift of conversation, no bright repartees, no smart sayings, no gossip. She was not interested in contemporary literature, had but few books, and was content with these. Her standard of purity in literature was of the severest, and she shunned like a plague anything which she feared might come short of it. Her life had its trials, but it had also its rich compensations. The key-note of all her feeling is in the following short poem.

> "It is good to be last not first,
>   Pending the present distress;
> It is good to hunger and thirst,
>   So it be for righteousness.
> It is good to spend and be spent,
>   It is good to watch and pray:
> Life and Death make a goodly Lent
>   So it leads us to Easter Day."

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS' POEMS.*

The characteristics that gave distinction and charm to "Christ in Hades," which made Mr. Phillips known to us a year or so ago, are found in the new volume that contains the earlier poem and gives it worthy company. There is the same unaffected seriousness, the same delicacy of thought, the same intense humanity, with, in two or three poems, an added grace of style and greater certainty of touch. The book is clear, fragrant, and tender. There are a few things in it which do not say much to me; but there is nothing unredeemed by some light from a gracious mind; while "Marpessa," "The Woman with a Dead Soul," "The Lily," "To Milton—Blind," "Beautiful Death," "The Wound," and "The Apparition" are all of a memorable beauty.

Mr. Phillips has something to say—he has an attitude towards life to express. His verse is not a capricious reflection of other folk's minds—

> "Thy hands are too like mine to undo these bonds,
> Brother, although the dead world follow thee,
> Deep fascinated; love hath marred us both."

These words of the Great Titan to Christ give a hint of one side of his reading of life. The rest is uttered in "Marpessa"—

> "The half of music, I have heard men say,
> Is to have grieved;
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The mourner is the favourite of the moon,
> And the departing sun his glory owes
> To the eternal thoughts of creatures brief."

Love is pain, and there is no human blessedness save in love; and pain has the best smile we know. This is linked to his feeling of the wistful beauty of death, and of the use Nature makes of her dead creatures to bless the needy living—

> "Thou, who didst mar, shalt make for perfect health;
> Thou, so unlucky, fall with fortunate rain,
> And I to whom sweet life is dangerous edged,
>
> The rose is at my silent coming rich;
> I on my enemy's eyes like sleep shall drop,
> And he at dawn shall bless me and shall drowse."

---

* "Christina Rossetti." By Mackenzie Bell. 12s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

* "Poems by Stephen Phillips." 4s. 6d. (John Lane.)

In "The Lily" a lover of a dead maiden walks the garden where the souls of the departed spring as flowers, and begs the gentle lady Death to have one plant in tender keeping—

> "For she, that is this flower, and merely blows
> So strangely silent and so white, was used
> To be much loved, and guarded wistfully."

"The Woman with the Dead Soul" is an eloquent appeal against the corrupt peace that follows the soul's death, a burning claim for light and warmth and "something beautiful," with all the pain and wild unrest they bring.

In "Milton" the thought rises beyond the pity of human things—

> "He gave thee back original night, His own
> Tremendous canvas, large and blank and free,
> Where at each thought a star flashed out and sang."

But in all the rest one idea is paramount in various guises—the worth of human life, the sweetness and the tragedy of it. In "The Apparition" the dead lady wins peace at last—

> "They gave me drink from some slow stream,
> I love thee now no more."

But this is not the end in Mr. Phillips' imagination. The world is a magnet even to souls in rest—

> "The other night she hurried in,
> Her face was wild with fear:
> 'Old friend,' she said, 'I am pursued,
> May I take refuge here?'"

This love of the world, refined, spiritualised, but never dehumanised, has its fullest expression in "Marpessa," the tale of a maiden's choice between a god and a mortal. In this poem, exquisite in diction and tenderly sympathetic, Mr. Phillips is seen at his strongest. Yet it reveals a weakness. Some kind of dramatic treatment it demanded. Apollo offers the maiden immortality; with him, unfading, she will be a peaceful power to bless humanity. Iras, the mortal lover, says his say, and Marpessa makes her choice. "As yet," she tells them—

> "I have known no sorrow; all my days
> Like perfect lilies under water stir,
> And God has sheltered me from His own wind."

But she has heard of the human heritage of pain, and will not shirk it. Otherwise would she miss the warm comradeship, the love of children, her own, not scornful young gods. So much might a girl, ignorant of evil and of life, speak from hearsay, and out of her own certain knowledge and clear instincts. But when she talks of the taste of sorrow, of its compensations, its terrible beauty and delight, it is with the voice of a woman that has lived and warred and learnt hard things, and found only in the sore travail of them a divine birth. It is a strange blot on the poem that Marpessa and not Iras should utter the exquisite lines in praise of pain I have quoted before, and the others that follow—

> "How wonderful in a bereavéd ear
> The Northern wind; how strange the summer night,
> The exhaling earth, to those who vainly love."

Mr. Phillips makes his creatures talk with his own voice. But though he does not enter into other personalities, at least he has a rare power of linking our common likenesses together, of showing us the brotherhood of pain, and how each of us, great and small, looks wistfully round for love and "something beautiful."

A. M.

MR. LIONEL JOHNSON'S POEMS.*

Arthur Hallam distinguishes in the opening of his essay on Tennyson between what he calls "the æsthetic school of poetry," founded by Keats and Shelley, and the various popular schools. "The æsthetic school" is, he says, the work of men whose "fine organs" have "trembled with emotion, at colours and sounds and movements unperceived by duller temperaments," "a poetry of sensation rather than of reflection," "a sort of magic producing a number of impressions too multiplied, too minute, and too diversified to allow of our tracing them to their causes, because just such was the effect, even so boundless and so bewildering, produced on their imaginations by the real appearance of nature." Because this school demands the most close attention from readers whose organs are less fine, it will always, he says, be unpopular compared to the schools that "mix up" with poetry all manner of anecdotes and opinions and moral maxims. This little known and profound essay defines more perfectly than any other criticism in English the issues in that war of schools which is troubling all the arts, and gradually teaching us to rank such "reflections" of the mind as rhetorical and didactic verse, painted anecdotes, pictures "complicated with ideas" that are not pictorial ideas, below poetry and painting that mirror the "multiplied" and "minute" and "diversified" "sensation" of the body and the soul. Mr. Johnson, like Wordsworth and Coleridge, has sometimes written in the manner of the "popular schools," and "mixed up" with poetry religious and political opinions, and though such poetry has its uses everywhere, and in Ireland, for which Mr. Johnson has written many verses, and where opinion is still unformed, its great uses, one must leave it out when one measures the poetical importance of his poetry. I find poetry that is "a sort of magic," in "Poems," published in 1895, and in the present book, "Ireland", (Elkin Mathews), and the most unpopular "sort of magic," for it mirrors a temperament so cold, so austere, so indifferent to our pains and pleasures, so wrapped up in one lonely and monotonous mood that one comes from it wearied and exalted, as though one had posed for some noble action, in a strange *tableau vivant*, that casts its painful stillness upon the mind instead of upon the body. Had I not got Mr. Johnson's first book when I was far from books, I might have laid it down scarcely begun, I found the beginning so hard, and have lost much high pleasure, many fine exaltations; and though I have kept his new book as long as I could before reviewing it, I do not know if I admire the first book more merely because I have had longer to make its sensations my own sensations. In a poem that changes a didactic opinion to a sensation of the soul, Mr. Johnson sings the ideal of his imagination and his verse.

> "White clouds embrace the dewy fields
> Storms lingering mist and breath:
> And hottest heavens to hot earth yield
> Drops from the fire of death.
>
> *Come!* sigh the shrouding airs of earth:
> *Be with the burning night;*
> *Learn what her heart of flame is worth,*
> *And eyes of glowing light.*
>
> I come not. Off, odorous airs!
> Rose-scented winds, away!
> Let passion garnish her wild lairs,
> Hold her fierce holiday.
>
> I will not feel her dreamy toils
> Glide over heart and eyes:
> My thoughts shall never be her spoils,
> Nor grow sad memories.
>
> Mine be all proud and lonely scorn,
> Keeping the crystal law
> And pure air of the eternal morn:
> And passion, but of awe."

Poetry written out of this ideal can never be easy to read, and Mr. Johnson never forgets his ideal. He utters the sensations of souls too ascetic with a Christian asceticism to know strong passions, violent sensations, too stoical with a pagan stoicism to wholly lose themselves in any Christian ecstasy. He has made for himself a twilight world where all the colours are like the colours in the rainbow, that is cast by the moon, and all the people as far from modern tumults as the people upon fading and dropping tapestries. His delight is in "the courtesy of saints," "the courtesy of knights," "the courtesy of love," in "saints in golden vesture," in the "murmuring" of "holy Latin immemorial," in "black armour, falling lace, and altar lights at dawn," in "rosaries blanched in Alban air," in all "memorial melancholy" things. He is the poet of those peaceful, unhappy souls who, in the symbolism of a living Irish visionary, are compelled to inhabit when they die a shadowy island paradise in the West, where the moon always shines, and a mist is always on the face of the moon, and a music of many sighs always in the air, because they renounced the joy of the world without accepting the joy of God.

The poems, which are not pure poetry according to Arthur Hallam's definition, will, I think, have their uses in Catholic anthologies, and in those Irish paper-covered books of more or less political poetry which are the only imaginative reading of so many young men in Ireland. "Parnell," "Ways of War," "Ireland's Dead," "The Red Wind," "Ireland," "Christmas and Ireland," "Ninety-Eight," "To the Dead of

---

* "Ireland, and Other Poems." By Lionel Johnson. 5s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

'98," and "Right and Might," even when they are not, as they are sometimes, sensations of the body and the soul, will become part of the ritual of that revolt of Celtic Ireland which is, according to one's point of view, the Celt's futile revolt against the despotism of fact or his necessary revolt against a political and moral materialism. The very ignorance of literature, among their Irish readers, will make the formal nobility of their style seem the more impressive, the more miraculous.

W. B. YEATS.

PEOPLE OF THE PERIOD.*

It must be very difficult for the editor of a dictionary of contemporary biography, one containing upwards of six thousand entries, to know whom to admit, and whom he may safely exclude. Those who must go in, who are sure to be looked for, of course will care nothing for such distinction, nay, like the late Mr. Richard Holt Hutton, may set themselves firmly against it; whereas your young Milton or Roscius, whose full merits are still undiscovered, will for that very reason be most anxious to get his claims advertised. Then, when the list is made out, there is the question next of proportion. What is to be the scale of the articles on "Brown," and "Jones," and "Robinson"—their own opinion of themselves, their opinion of one another, or the impartial compiler's, who very likely knows very little about them? It was only the other night in a club smoking-room that an author, an artist, and a composer were discussing the demerits of a biographical handbook. The author thought it gave far too much space to "Tweedledum and Tweedledee"; the musician demurred to "such a host of mere scribblers"; and the painter agreed with both author and musician. And over and above these initial difficulties there are the enormous ones of correctness and up-to-dateness. Blunders *will* slip in; and by the time that "Zola" on p. 1088 is printing off, the brothers "Abbadie" on p. 1 will both have died, so have no more a place among "people of the period."

Mr. Pratt must, we fancy, from his rather pathetic Appendix, have felt all these difficulties, with others super-added—"delays, due to changes in printers and publishers." In some respects, however, he may be congratulated. His list is certainly quite comprehensive enough. There are hundreds of articles here that are nowhere else to be met with, or are elsewhere a great deal more meagre; those, for instance, on Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Max Nordau, Mascagni, Leoncavallo, the sisters Ravogli, Miss Fiona Macleod, Miss Mary A. Kingsley, Li Hung Chang, M. Jusserand, "John Oliver Hobbes," Jabez Balfour, Mr. H. A. Jones, Mr. Sydney Grundy, Mr. Hamish MacCunn, Mr. Phil May, Munkacsy, Colonel John Hay, Nansen, "Ian Maclaren," Mr. Tom Mann, and Miss Cissy Loftus. Against which, however, must be set some omissions: Sudermann, D'Annunzio, Nietzsche, Weissmann, Lombroso, the "Belgian Shakespeare" (*Louis* Maeterlinck was unknown to us), Sir William Lockhart, Sir Bindon Blood, Mr. Arthur Roberts, Sir G. Newnes, Mr. Joseph Pennell, Mr. Edward Rose, Mr. Robert Bridges, Mr. W. Guthrie, and Mr. Quiller Couch, are a few that occur to us. As to proportion, we hope it may not be indicative of the popular taste in novel-reading that the six articles on Barrie, Blackmore, Mrs. Clifford, Miss Harraden, George Meredith, and Mrs. Richmond Ritchie together get less than a hundred lines against the six hundred given to those on Miss Marie Corelli, Madame Sarah Grand, Joseph Hatton, Miss Florence Marryat, Frankfort Moore, and J. E. Muddock. But proportion, indeed, is not a strong point of these volumes. They probably contain a good many new facts, *e.g.*, the true date of Mr. Sim Reeves' birth (? baptism)—"on September 26th, 1818, according to the register of the Woolwich Parish Church"—or that of Mr. Val Prinsep, at Calcutta on Valentine's Day, 1849. But they also contain some singular slips and mis-statements: as that Dr. J. A. H. Murray is "compiler of the 'Dictionary of National Biography,'" that Mommsen is author of a work called "Digesta recognovit," that "Pierre Loti" is a brigadier-general—his real name "Kaud" or "Viardot," that Mr. Gosse in 1896 was appointed professor of English literature at Edinburgh, that the expounder of Berkeley bears the name of "Alexander Campbell Emeritus Fraser," that "Principles of Sociology" was written by one *Robert* Spencer, that the editor of the *Scotsman* "has rendered immense help to the Liberal Party in Edinburgh." Mr. James Payn is left still editing the *Cornhill*, and Mr. Leslie Stephen the "Dictionary of National Biography"; Sir Auckland Colvin still is "Chief Commissioner of the North West Provinces"; the author of "Primitive Culture" is not yet a professor, or Mr. Rhys Principal of Jesus College; Mr. Hall Caine has not yet left Liverpool, or written even "the Deemster"; whilst men dead these three years or more are inserted as living, *e.g.*, Karl Ludwig Michelet, Lemoinne, Ambroise Thomas, and Dr. James McCosh. Sir G. Grove, on the other hand, who is killed off in an addendum, is, we hope, still alive. The materials, too, from which the articles have sometimes been compiled, required more complete assimilation; we doubt if the wife of the new Bishop of London really "presided last week" at a meeting at Manchester. Eleven-twelfths of the article on Dr. Forbes Winslow is devoted to the doings of Jack the Ripper; and thirty-two lines on the Duke of Cambridge's snuff-boxes is maybe a trifle excessive. Still, the fact remains that "People of the Period" contains much of value that is not elsewhere easily accessible.

SOME MODERN CASUISTRY.*

Professor Sidgwick has written a suggestive, unconventional, and even amusing book on a matter of singular importance, which is now occupying many minds. In his view, ethics, or the science of good and evil, is not simply a department of religion, or a chapter in Christian theology, but a branch of human knowledge and investigation, with its own principles and its proper methods. And it may be cultivated like any other science for itself, independently, not in revolt or as opposed to the creeds of the Churches, but as distinct from them; which is the position taken up by all who follow Aristotle, St. Thomas Aquinas, or Bishop Butler. Hence the founding of Ethical Societies, in London, Cambridge, New York, and elsewhere, the purpose of which has been to study moral action in the light of the laws that govern it, and thereby to advance our social development. But Professor Sidgwick holds that we must come down to details, and this implies casuistry—a suspicious-looking thing, much abhorred of Englishmen by hearsay, but nevertheless in constant requisition among men of business, statesmen, and even the clergy. "What shall we do if we mean to do right?" is a scientific question, the answer to which has always an application in the concrete; for as Lowell said, we do not commit sin in the abstract—we detest that kind of sin with all our heart. Of course this lawyer-like discrimination may be abused; but we cannot dispense with it. And so the Professor, who is a Utilitarian, examines a number of modern cases: What is the duty of the State as compared with that of the individual in point of truthfulness, fidelity to contracts, and so forth? How far is a clergyman bound by the letter of his creed? What are the limits or the licences of clerical veracity? On what principles do we attack or defend luxurious living? Is the pursuit of culture lawful, advantageous, desirable? And, lastly, in a subtle dissertation, how can we explain "unreasonable action?" The Professor has always shown himself a master in clearing up terms and distinguishing circumstances. He is so still; perhaps the air of grave amusement, not quite free from irony, with which he handles his topics will induce a large company to read him; their time will not be lost. I commend the sermon on "luxury" to Christians and economists. Professor Sidgwick condemns out of hand "expenditure prompted by bad habits, or imposed by useless customs, and on illusory conveniences that give more trouble than they save." He adds this, with which I conclude my notice of an excellent little book. "Need I say a word about the hoary fallacy that a man by eating his cake provides employment—and therefore cake, or at least bread—for the baker? 'Time was,' as Shakespeare says, 'that when the brains were out the man would die'; and as the brains have been out of this fallacy generations ago, I shall consider it as slain, even though it still walks the earth with inextinguishable vitality, and occasionally reappears in the writings of the most superior persons. I shall venture to assume that, speaking generally, a man benefits others by rendering services to them, and not by requiring them to render services to him."

Bravo, Professor! This is to tell the truth and lay down the law without circumlocution. But what will become of our City feasts and Lord Mayor's banquets, if men take you at your word?

WILLIAM BARRY.

---

* "People of the Period." Edited by A. T. Camder Pratt. Two volumes. (Neville Beeman, Ltd.)

* "Practical Ethics." A Collection ot Addresses and Essays. By Prof. Henry Sidgwick. 4s. 6d. (London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.)

INVERNESS.*

This is by no means a satisfactory book. For one thing the author, although he is plainly a level-headed man who takes a common-sense view of most things, does not command an attractive style. Occasionally it rises, through sheer photographic accuracy of representation, into something like eloquence, just as the two celebrated lines in Hobbes's translation of Homer rise into something like poetry. Thus we are told of the Grampians that "from the borders of Arisaig to those of the Moray Firth one mountain rises behind another like the billowy waves of a tempestuous sea, sometimes clothed with heath, sometimes with forests of pine and fir, sometimes bare and verdureless, but always grand and impressive." Far too often, however, we have passages, the parochial English of which suggests nothing so readily as the text-book of the attractions of a village which is issued by its leading grocer. Take this of Kingussie: "It is a centre of education, and a much frequented place of summer residence. The beauty of the scenery by which it is surrounded, as well as its other attractions in the way of recreation and amusement, draw hither, year after year, crowds of strangers, and few who have been there once fail to return again." And could there be less of Highland cordiality in the farewell to a book than this? "We close our story, with the expression of a hope that a country with so striking a history and so admirable a people may yet have a great future before it, and may go on year after year increasing in all those elements that constitute its prosperity. *Floreat Invernessia!*" How one does sigh after reading page after page of this sort of thing for a touch of the vanished hand of Clough—

> "A Highland inn among the Western hills,
> A single parlour, single bed, that fills
> With fisher or with tourist as may be,"

or even for a little of the irritating but graceful inaccuracy of Sir Herbert Maxwell! To tell the truth, Dr. Lees's book compares by no means favourably with the preceding volumes of the excellent series of "County Histories of Scotland," to which it belongs. It is not nearly so informing as Sheriff Mackay's "Fife and Kinross," so well-written as Sir Herbert Maxwell's "Dumfries and Galloway," or so full of all-round interest as Sheriff Rampini's "Moray and Nairn."

And then Dr. Lees's account of the earlier history of Inverness-shire is characterised by nothing of the nature of new light or even of careful investigation into available historical records. Here, for example, is the manner in which we are introduced to that extraordinary Highland potentate who might have sat to Scott for the portrait of his Boar of the Ardennes—"In 1390, the Wolf of Badenoch, as he was then called, *in order to avenge some slight offered to him by his bishop*, burned to the ground the noble cathedral of Elgin and the manses of the canons." Could anything be vaguer as a description of the provocation given to the Wolf than the clause we have italicised? Why not also tell who the Wolf of Badenoch was, that his name was Alexander Stuart, that he was the son of King Robert II. and the brother of Robert III.? Why not have noted the facts, which the remains of old castles still demonstrate, that he must have wielded a despotic power over the Inverness-shire Highlands? Why not have mentioned that the Earl of Mar, who [p. 27] on the bloody field of Harlaw checked the triumphant progress of Donald Lord of the Isles, was the natural son of this Wolf? Then how comes it that Dr. Lees makes practically no news whatever of the new light which has of late years been thrown upon the Jacobite rising of 1745? Take for example what he says as to the rallying at Ruthven of a portion of the Highland army after the disaster of Culloden. He repeats the old story vouched for by the embittered Chevalier de Johnstone, a sort of Dugald Dalgetty, who fought on the Jacobite side, that "Every one present earnestly entreated Charles to come and put himself at the head of an army of enthusiastic followers. Two days passed, and the answer from Charles came. It was short, but to the point—'Let every man seek his own safety in the best way he can!'" Dr. Lees ought to have known that the Chevalier not being a trustworthy witness his narrative must be taken with more than one grain of salt. If he had read Mr. Walter B. Blaikie's most admirable "Itinerary of Prince Charles Edward Stuart" he would have discovered [p. 45] that there are several accounts of the Ruthven rally, and that they by no means agree with each other. Lumisden, one of the young Pretender's secretaries, affirms that the day after the battle of Culloden the Prince sent a message to Ruthven thanking his friends for their bravery and devotion, and desiring them to do what they thought best for their own preservation. Ker of Graden, on the other hand, states that the army stayed at Ruthven some days awaiting an answer, which did not come when expected, and in consequence they dispersed. Dealing with Johnstone's story that an aide-de-camp was sent by Lord George Murray to the Prince, and returned on the 20th with the laconic message which Dr. Lees has reproduced, Mr. Blaikie writes: "This, if true, means that the A.D.C. must have gone from Stratherrick to Ruthven (about twenty-five miles) with the original letter, gone back at once with Lord George's message, by which time the Prince had gone to Loch Arkaig, and again returned to Ruthven on the 20th, a very unlikely circumstance."

The excellences of this book may be summed up in a few words. A Scotch sermon-taster once described a pulpit performance which he did not greatly admire as "gude coorse Kintra work." Similarly, this may be described as fairly good Statistical Account work of the kind that used to be written by parish ministers. Dr. Lees tells clearly, and without partisan clerical bias, the familiar post-Culloden history of Inverness-shire, with its recruitings and its evictions. He gives brief biographies of the comparatively few poets and other eminent men whom the district has produced. He lets his readers see at a glance how it stands as regards education, agriculture, and other industries. But he has not entered into the ecstacy, or penetrated the mystery of the Highlands. The history of Inverness-shire has yet to be written.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

PETER THE GREAT.*

The history of the Great Peter will soon rival that of Napoleon in the extent of its literature. But the results of the research have travelled slowly to us; and we were in want of a book that should sum up the truth about Peter, now the hedge of legend has been broken down. Mr. Browning has written that book, very modestly and very capably. He makes no pretence of going to sources; but his authorities, Brückner and Schuyler, are steeped in Russian learning on the subject. His is a plain, business-like narrative, mostly clear, sometimes full and vigorous, as in the tale of the revolts of the Streltsi; only in a few details does it fail in accuracy. There is a discrepancy between the information about Sophia's death as given on pp. 44 and 177. And Gogol's "Taras Bulba" is not a poem. At least it is not written in verse. Where two versions of a story exist, he has a tendency to give the milder one, which explains perhaps why he says of Catherine's early history: "She was to have married a Swedish dragoon, but he was suddenly called away to his regiment, and was killed in 1705." Even if the marriage did take place, that date would be convenient, as her private marriage with Peter did not take place till 1707. That the dragoon was her husband is very probable. He is variously said to have deserted her and to have been taken prisoner by the Russians and sent into a far exile. But while the report of his death in 1705 is doubtful, there is good evidence that he was alive long after, and a pensioner of the Tsarina Catherine.

Mr. Browning's book should not be looked to for more than a plain narrative of events. He swallows a good deal of the legend of Peter's early days, taking him seriously a little too soon. And he hardly gives us the idea of seeing the significance of all the facts he has gathered. When he tells, for instance, how Peter made a chandelier of walrus teeth, it is merely as an example of the Tsar's industry. Nor is there any attempt at portraiture. The truth is, he is afraid of Peter and his greatness—little wonder!—and hardly ever dares to frankly judge him. Yet at the back of his modest reserve he must have an opinion, for he finds him "lovable." Naturally much space is taken up with the Alexis affair; and the balance is held very fairly between father and son. But surely one may take a shorter cut to the real reason of the crime. Alexis was stupid, and Peter could not abide a fool. We are tired of hearing, and not in this book alone, in proof of his talent, that he was fond of theological disputations, as if that were any evidence of brains. And Mr. Browning naively supports our contention when he says of the secret society formed by the Tsarevitch and his friends, "They appear to have taken no part in politics, but to have been occupied with ecclesiastical questions and the details of drinking parties." That Alexis was a hopeless, incapable weakling is no justification of Peter's murder of a son he had utterly neglected. Explanation and exoneration are both important but totally different things.

---

* "A History of the County of Inverness (Mainland)." By J. Cameron Lees, LL.D., F.S.A. (Scot.) 7s. 6d. net. (Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons.)

* "Peter the Great." By Oscar Browning. 5s. (Hutchinson.)

"The Pupils of Peter the Great." A History of the Russian Court and Empire, from 1697 to 1740. By R. Nisbet Bain. 15s. net. (A. Constable.)

"Peter the Great." By K. Waliszewski. Translated from the French by Lady Mary Loyd. 2 vols. 28s. New edition in one Vol. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Nisbet Bain appeals to other readers. His book is addressed to serious students, competent and patient to follow the thin streams of influence that flowed from the great lake of Peter's energy. It presents much learning in detail. But it does not shirk judgments, and the survey of the progress of Western ideals in Russia, amid constant antagonism and reaction, is sound and comprehensive. Catherine, Menshikoff, Anna Ivanovna, and Ostermann become for the first time in an English book distinct personalities. The statesmanship and the tough capacities of the last have never before been done justice to. Leading in the bye-paths, Mr. Bain will draw fewer readers after him; but there was excellent reason for his making a book out of this tamer period. The men and women trained under Peter's eye were essential to the permanence of his policy, even in the immediate future after 1725. Without them its fate would have been like that of Cromwell's. When their work was done, Russia "had elected to be a European rather than an Asiatic power."

M. Waliszewski's book, given us in English some months ago, is a very different thing. It is a profound and brilliant character study, and it is literature. In it Peter is not merely the subject of historical research, but a marvellous, monstrous human being. It is not so much a judgment as a revivification. Like all serious biographers, he does not everywhere take his subject seriously. Peter, he clearly shows, was not a very precocious youth. He was a child with an enormous capacity for active play, which lasted all his life. And as he was Tsar at ten, he forced others to play with him at navies and armies. In his play he finally outdistanced his subjects' serious achievements, and by the time he became conscious of this he was a man with a tremendous will and unlimited power. He learnt everything, to show them the way, but only enough to show the way. He was always the Great Amateur. He saw no end clearly. He was a blind experimentalist, as often the sport as the utiliser of circumstance. He wanted to heave his country up somewhere indefinitely, out of the slough of apathy; and he did it. This biographer hides nothing, neither the ferocity of the "huge Mastodon" nor his limited power of ideas. But he does not belittle him. Never has the great barbarian seemed so overpowering as in this candid study; where he appears at once as brute and idealist—for M. Waliszewski knows the use of words. "He left a faith which, unlike other faiths, is spiritualised, instead of materialised, in the simple minds which have enshrined it. 'Holy Russia' of this present day—practical, brutal, and mystic, above all things, even as he was—standing ready, like a many-headed Messiah, to regenerate Ancient Europe, even by submerging her, is Peter's child."

THE REAL MANGAN.*

Mr. O'Donoghue as a biographer has the defects of his qualities. He is a man of amazing industry, of an incredible faculty for research. Probably no other possible biographer of Mangan would have discovered a tithe of his discoveries, or at least would have retained conscientiously *everything* as he has. It is easy to see that the materials have undergone no sifting. Every Mangan scrap has appeared as Mr. O'Donoghue found it, and the result is an unconsciously pitiless portrait of the poor poet. It will be a matter of temperament in the reader that will decide for or against Mr. O'Donoghue's work on this score. Mangan has been painted, like Cromwell, with his warts, and the fastidious may object to the poor drunken poet's beggings and borrowings, his pledges and pledge-breakings, which go far to make the book a squalid one. Yet Mr. O'Donoghue may answer truly that he has written the truth as he perceives it. The present reviewer has no quarrel with Mr. O'Donoghue on this point. Through all his drunken eclipse the soul of the poet remained untouched. He was an unearthly creature, and his one vice was in a manner unearthly. His squalid world bestrode him like a nightmare, and to buy beauty he took to opium. Then in a wild attempt to free himself from the drug, which he seems to have done successfully, he took to dram-drinking. Broken in health, shattered in will-power, the victim of a ghastly childhood prematurely saddled with the curse of labour, Mangan was, as a man, a failure and a weakling, utterly unequipped for life, born into the most tragic circumstances for one of his temperament. Why, the very streets he lived in were enough to destroy him. If a kind Fate had planted Mangan in one of those mountain glens outside Dublin, if it had kept the terrible Mangan father to his native Shanagolden, how differently the poor poet's history might have been written. For, apart from his drunkenness, he was without a stain. The grosser vices of the natural man never came near him. With his shadowy body and his transparent face, he was no vessel for the worse wild beasts that so often enter with drunkenness. Even with this one vice of his he ruined only himself. In the days when the doom was fast overtaking him, he was supporting a half-invalid brother upon those effusions of his for some of which, Mr. O'Donoghue tells us, he was paid *sixpence apiece!* Curiously enough, Mangan, who could never stand alone, was fated all his days to be the prop of somebody or other. But when the final shipwreck overtook him it found him alone. On the score of Mr. O'Donoghue's plain dealing with the facts of Mangan's life we have personally no quarrel. The ways of geniuses have too often been wayward, and Mangan's incessant parade of his misery is not more intolerable than, say the abandonment of Keats in his letters to Fanny Brawne. But the thing that does detract from Mangan's fame in the book before us is the rag-bag of verse which Mr. O'Donoghue's industry has succeeded in gathering. One can imagine a reader who sincerely loves poetry, but knows nothing of Mangan, asking in bewilderment, "but why this to-do about a man whose verses are seldom above the level of those in the Poet's Corner of a country newspaper?" As a matter of fact, Mangan was through the great body of his verse almost entirely without inspiration. At moments the Muse possessed him, and spoke through him, golden-mouthed. But when she had deserted him the palace was a ruin, the fire was utterly out. He had not the habit or tradition of education which would have made him produce a thing of charm and grace even without the spirit. With all his odd scraps of learning Mangan was an uneducated man; therefore these appallingly fluent and appallingly heavy verses which Mr. O'Donoghue has rescued from old newspapers and old magazines, to say nothing at all of Mangan's ghastly comicalities. Mangan will hardly be done justice to till he is represented by a book of twenty or thirty poems; for even Miss Guiney was too inclusive, and has drowned his genius in his fluency. In his so-called translations from the Irish the Muse is always with him, and these, with one or two personal poems, represent the fine flower of his genius. Mr. O'Donoghue adds to the wealth of personal descriptions of Mangan which we already possessed. He was a picturesque figure in the eyes of his contemporaries, and his ghostly presence seems to have suggested poetry, for no testimony of him is without its striking quality. But he died of starvation or cholera, or both, young in years but miserably old, having "gone under" and remained under for many months before his death. "You are the first person who has spoken a kind word to me for years," his terrible speech to Dr. Stokes on his death-bed, was not perhaps without the Mangan extravagance of statement. But Dublin had proved herself a stony step-mother to him, as stony as London ever was to an unhappy child of genius; and that is the way of Dublin, to starve her children, and give them a stone when they are dead.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

DRUMMOND'S "IDEAL LIFE."*

"Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit" might truly have formed a part of Henry Drummond's epitaph. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he touched nothing which he did not vitalise. The most hackneyed themes become in his hands novelties and surprises. And this the present volume abundantly verifies. The subjects here treated have been handled a hundred times before, but new aspects disclose themselves in response to the original personality of Drummond. The great principles and main facts of the Christian religion seem not only more attractive, but more real and more reasonable while he speaks of them; and one recognises and owns the persuasiveness which characterised his speaking. Whether these addresses find the reception of his earlier books or not, they are likely to make a profounder and more enduring impression. Not argumentative, not elaborately illustrative, they are in the main simple and lucid statement of truth so presented as to find its own way to the mind and conscience. The memorial sketches are as brilliantly written as the reputation of their authors would lead us to expect, but we doubt whether "Ian Maclaren" was justified in saying that "in later years he [Drummond] lost all interest in 'Natural Law.'" In any case we must thank the editors for a volume of enduring value.

---

* "The Life and Writings of James Clarence Mangan." By D. J. O'Donoghue. 7s. 6d. (Edinburgh: Patrick Geddes and Colleagues.)

* "The Ideal Life and other unpublished Addresses." By Henry Drummond, F.R.S.E. With memorial sketches by W. Robertson Nicoll and Ian Maclaren. 6s (Hodder and Stoughton.)

MARCUS DODS.

MR. HAVELOCK ELLIS'S "AFFIRMATIONS."*

These essays on Nietzsche, Zola, Huysmans, and others are not primarily literary criticisms. They are rather lights thrown from a bright mind on a few writers, thinkers, and men of action or influence, with special reference to the interests and controversies of our own day. It is with life, not books, Mr. Ellis is concerned. He frankly owns that he has used his subjects as stalking-horses to "creep up more closely to the game that his soul loves best." It is on their "questionable aspects" he dwells, he says with pride, regarding anything else as mere waste of time. All that can be said for his subjects' attitudes towards life he says vigorously. His is the business of the special pleader, not the judge. With Nietzsche this is at the moment a defensible plan. Among us he has been laughed at and denounced without being read, and Mr. Ellis, by isolating the strong, the original, the suggestive things in his writings, must win for the German thinker the respect of further examination. But with Zola the method is entirely out of date. Zola has received on every hand serious consideration. His intellectual powers, his courage, his force have been done justice to by all save the finnicking and the timid. The time has come for judgment, not special advocacy, and such sayings as that "in the long run literature owes an immense debt to the writers who courageously add to the stock of strong and simple words" are beside the mark. Mr. Ellis, of course, suggests criticism, but his general attitude is that of apology and defence, and Zola is too strong to-day to need either.

The essays do not pretend to be literary criticisms, but had Mr. Ellis's literary sense been stronger, they must have been so to some extent, and the general judgments would then have been sounder. In the very interesting chapter on Nietzsche stress is laid on his revolt from certain Teutonic tendencies of thought and style. The ignorant and eager reader instantly thinks of an unlyrical Heine with a definite and consecutive gospel. But when he hurries to Nietzsche's "Zarathustra," for example, his disappointed soul revolts that it has to pick out the gems of original and clear-cut thought from mounds of Germanic bunkum. Nor is Nietzsche's debt to other thinkers, especially to Emerson, half enough insisted on. M. Huysmans hardly deserves a place in the particular book, clever man though he is. He is no leader of thought, hardly a powerful type of a modern attitude towards life. The moods of the age, material or superstitious, are reflected in him, not more vividly than in others; but he labours to make the most of his impressions, and by dint of a toilsome, conscientious, ultra-artificial manner, he has convinced some persons for the moment that he is a very serious writer. To the mere literary critic, on the other hand, he is of considerable interest. Of that entertaining rascal, Casanova, the "supreme type of the human animal in the completest development of his rankness and cunning," Mr. Ellis writes blithely and readably. But the triumph of the book is the essay on "St. Francis and Others," albeit here the writer will call down the frowns and the groans of the orthodox—not by any aggressiveness or extravagance, however. It is frank, truthful, clear-sighted, and charming in style. Between the sad ideal of the general Christian, despising the world and hoping all things from another, and the sensual ideal of the hedonist, it holds a happy balance, and sees a vision of a joyous asceticism, in which poverty and simplicity are not curses, but guides to the company of Nature, paths back to the core of things. Mr. Ellis is here talking out of his heart and within his powers; and his words bear the stamp of a sincere and happy mood. None of the laboured biographies of Francis have given us a clearer picture of the Saint that his co-religionists have so little imitated, who "brought asceticism from the cell into the fields, and became the monk of Nature. One may doubt whether, as Renan thought, the Song to the Sun is the supreme modern expression of the religious spirit, but without doubt it gathers up vaguely and broadly the things that most surely belong to our eternal peace in this world. That it is the simplest and naturalest things to which eternal joy belongs is the divine secret which makes Francis a prince among saints." A. M.

BOOK PRICES CURRENT.*

The eleventh volume of this admirable compilation, invaluable to all bookmen, is larger and in every way more complete than any that have preceded it. It contains full particulars of all the important book auctions in London and the provinces during the year, special notice being given to the sale of the first portion of the Ashburnham Library, at which 1,683 lots realised over £30,150. These extraordinarily high prices account for the fact that the average price of books during 1897 has never been equalled during the eleven years that "Book Prices Current" has been in existence. Mr. Slater states that at present book-buyers are suffering from "no great mania." The rage for early editions of modern authors is altogether a thing of the past, though first editions of R. L. Stevenson and Rudyard Kipling are rapidly rising in value.

INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY.†

To deal adequately with the details of this wonderful book one would have to capture all the reviewing space in THE BOOKMAN. In a brief notice we can but call attention to the features which differentiate it from the mass of literature of its kind. First, it is not mainly a contribution to theory, though the second volume contains bold inference and confident prophecy. In our opinion the most valuable parts are those which deal with the structure and the function of trades unions, sections which have involved six years' hard labour to two highly-trained observers, and the examination of the constitution, the archives, and the history of practically every trades union organisation in England. The method adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Webb is scientific in the truest sense. The unions are regarded as living, growing organisms, about whose future one may have hopes and views only if one has studied their long and by no means even development. Opinion concerning them needs constant revision. They are not what they were ten years ago. Indeed, they are not a clearly defined, uniform thing at all at this moment. The writers find in them the typically modern form of democracy; but the different unions are at different stages, and criticism and eulogy are apt, for want of a comprehensive survey like the one before us, to spend themselves on accidental, local, and passing circumstances. It must be said that the book is a great awakening to the immense complexity of a subject about which every newspaper writer and reader talks glibly. On the other hand, it has been put together by two remarkably clear-headed persons, with a fine sense of the proportion and the relations of things.

The temper of the book as well as its methods, is scientific. The examination of facts is candid; there is no bullying the reader into taking for granted that trades unions are either beneficial or likely to be permanent. But a mass of testable evidence is presented to show what they have done and where they are tending. And, of course, it is clearly admitted that they do "not furnish any complete scheme of distribution of the community's income." Although, by their representative system, they have reached an advanced form of democracy, and thus give a training for English political life such as but few members of the professional classes undergo, they are, for their own purposes, still at an ineffective stage. Success in the future, it is held, means a "hierarchy of federations," and for this, which implies an able Cabinet, responsible for the well-being of all the trades, they are not ready. Their interests and intelligence are too local and limited. The paramount need is "intellectual leadership."

---

* "Affirmations," By Havelock Ellis. 6s. (Walter Scott, Lim.)

* "Book Prices Current." By J. H. Slater. Vol. XI. December 1896 to November 1897. 27s. 6d. net. (Elliot Stock.)

† "Industrial Democracy." By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. 2 vols. 25s. net. (Longmans.)

The inferences drawn and the remedies proposed will be called socialistic; for the writers have no great admiration for the needless fumbling and tinkering and quarrelling of private persons over things which concern public justice and safety, and which should therefore be matters of national responsibility. For instance, they frankly propose that for trade accidents there should be State compensation. "The fact that the Treasury paid for every casualty would change the official bias about dangerous trades." Perhaps the bugbear of State intervention will now resolve itself in some minds into a holy defence against the coming terror of a great "hierarchy of federations."

Of the detail of the book, of the admirable bibliography in the appendix, of the practical and timely chapters on Collective Bargaining and Arbitration, we have no room to speak. Every chapter suggests some question worth examination, and most of them something to quarrel with. The writers make their points well, and expose not a few obstinate fallacies with excellent precision, notably the very common one that a uniform standard rate implies equality of weekly wages. And the old stupid bogey of the "dead level" must cease to be a terror to such readers as have followed here the career of trade unionism, with its "almost infinite grading of the industrial world into separate classes, each with its own corporate tradition and standard of life, its own specialised faculty and distinctive needs, and each therefore exacting its own 'Rent of Opportunity' or 'Rent of Ability.'"

Hardheadedness and enthusiasm have worked on friendly terms in this book. There is a complete absence of sentimentality, and the section on the unemployed will cause sad head-shakings. But its large views, its claim for justice all round, will give the book a place among those that permanently influence the minds as well as modify the temporary political and social programmes of their readers.

JOSEPH ARCH.*

Apart from its interest as a chapter in the history of political and social reform, Mr. Arch's narrative is a remarkable document. Indeed, its main value is autobiographical. A little more editing would have been to its advantage, but I have not grudged reading through unnecessarily long extracts from speeches, and many repetitions of purpose and policy, for the sake of the final vivid presentment of a typical though a very extraordinary Englishman. It is the story of a fighter of bull-dog tenacity, one who never lost heart, and who apparently never changed his mind. The early pages describe "the dark doom of the labourer's child" in the England of the first half of the century, the doom that Arch chafed against and defied. He came of an honest, hardworking, intelligent stock, yet he knew something very much like starvation in the winter of 1835, and he was reminded many a time after that how a man of his class might do his duty and be hungry, especially if he had principles and stuck to them. His regular schooling ended before he was nine. Then followed his career of crow-scaring, his promotion to "gee-oh-ing," long days as a mower, his mastery of the difficult art of hedge-cutting, and his proud triumph as the Champion Hedge-cutter of England. The sturdy pride in his industry and skill, his resolve "to be somebody in the world of working-men" must mark him off, even in the minds of superficial readers, from the merely fluent agitator. Not as a vagrant failure did he enter the political world.

It was during his hedge-cutting rounds that he saw what amply confirmed the opinions inherited from his father and mother and the experiences of his own boyhood, concerning the heavy hand held over the labourer to stupefy and terrorise him. With his temperament Arch was bound to succeed. For his own rights and for the rights of his brethren he fought with equal stoutness. Tough, stalwart, trusty, entirely unafraid, he never turned the other cheek to the smiter. To be cheated of a shilling rankled, for he himself always paid in full. He waged a long and enjoyable war with squires and parsons, especially with the latter, to whom he was anathema, as his mother had been before him. A peaceable man if left alone, he always hit back with interest. "I paid the bishop out several times for that saying" [an indirect incitement to assault], "for," he naively remarks, "it was a wrong spirit for a bishop to show." There is never a hint of self-distrust, not a tinge of that pale philosophy of the thinker that might have brought him nearer to some sympathetic minds and hearts, and would have wrecked the Labourers' Union. It was a difficult thing, and all the odds were against him, to rouse an inert, untrained, hopeless class to respect themselves and seek for common rights; and we can but like him better for his frank pride in the achievement.

The attitude he takes up towards his efforts is an answer to the charge of smugness. His work was a call; never any doubt of that. "I declare that, as I look back on those days, the only words which properly describe them are the words of the prophet Ezekiel when he speaks of his vision in the valley of dry bones, 'So I prophesied as I was commanded, etc.'" Again, and here speak his Roundhead ancestors, "He singled me out, and set me on my feet in His sight, and breathed of the breath of His spirit into me, and sent me forth as a messenger of the Lord God of Battles. So I girded up my loins and went forth. It was from the Lord God of Battles I came, that there might one day be peace in the land."

Not in contradiction, but in fulfilment of this prophetic strain, did he remain a true Briton, or rather a true Englishman of his age. Not a sinew was weakened by superfluous imagination or any feeling for useless beauty. Solid prosperity, as typified by a comfortable joint of beef, was to him, as to every man of his race, something worth making efforts for. This may be a crude way of expressing family affection, but there is an attractive sincerity about it; and if the superior person smile, he is despising a whole nation: "I do say seriously that it is the ambition and glory of every loving father, whether he works in a smock-frock or not, if he has a father's heart, to sit at his own table and cut the food for his own family. Nothing delights him more." Yet sentiment is not lacking. He still keeps the flannel jacket he wore that memorable night when the three men sought him out to beg him to form the Union; and his description of the first meeting at Wellesbourne under the chestnut-tree is picturesque and touching. "The night had fallen pitch dark; but the men got bean-poles and hung lanterns on them, and we could see well enough. I mounted on an old pig-stool, and in the flickering light of the lanterns I saw the earnest upturned faces of these poor brothers of mine—faces gaunt with hunger and pinched with want—all looking towards me and ready to listen to the words that would fall from my lips."

Mr. Arch has been a maker of history. He has made it with great simplicity, and furnished one more example of the success that follows single-mindedness and tenacity. Should his story astonish artificial readers by its note of self-assertion, let them remember how he makes light of the many wounds he has suffered in a long and hard campaign. A. M.

SOME BOOKS ABOUT INDIA.*

Notwithstanding the enormous quantity of literature devoted to our Eastern Empire, and notwithstanding our large personal connection with it, India, its development and its inhabitants, are but little understood by the British public. The nature of the Hindu is still a mystery and his history a bewilderment. No doubt the contemplative mysticism of Oriental religion and the forbidding strangeness of Oriental language account in great measure for this lack of understanding; but some part of the reason lies in the fact that English books about India, written by British authors, deal chiefly with the history of British rulers, and the reader finds himself looking at the subject from a purely British standpoint, and entering into no special sympathy with the native population.

An excellent opportunity of casting off Occidental prejudice and studying Hindu genius from a Hindu point of view is afforded by G. Paramaswaran Pillai's "Representative Indians." The thirty-six men whose biographies make up the volume represent various social grades and various forms of religion,

---

* "Joseph Arch: The Story of his Life." Told by himself, and Edited, with a Preface, by the Countess of Warwick. 12s. (Hutchinson.)

* "Representative Indians." By G. Paramaswaran Pillai, B.A. 10s. 6d. (Routledge.)

"Twelve Indian Statesmen." By George Smith. 10s. 6d. (J. Murray.)

"Our Troubles in Poona and the Deccan." By A. Crawford. 14s. (Constable.)

"Sunny Memories of an Indian Winter." By S. H. Dunn. 6s. (Walter Scott.)

"India: The Romance of Colonization." By A. E. Knight. 2s. 6d. (Partridge.)

Hindu, Theistic, and Christian, but all were natives of the soil and received most of their education in India, and all were men of intellectual and moral force, who deplored the abuses prevalent among the people and earnestly sought the moral elevation of their country. In reading this book the student finds himself transferred into a Hindu atmosphere, in which the British appear simply as foreigners—powerful certainly, and beneficent, but subject, like any other outside influence, to unprejudiced comment and judgment. There is nothing in the book which should offend the most sensitive patriot, nor, in fact, is British rule discussed at all, but there are one or two passages which show how observant the people are of the life and actions of the Christians, especially of the missionaries, and how quick they are to see when their teachers fall short of their own standards.

The wonderful influence of Christian character on the natives is very fully exhibited in Dr. George Smith's "Twelve Indian Statesmen," which forms at once a complement and contrast to the "Representative Indians." With unfeigned enthusiasm and warm affection, sometimes with a tenderness which touches the heart, he writes about that splendid succession of men, most of them personal friends of his own, who by their courage and wisdom and kindness won the hearts of the natives. The first names are those of Charles Grant and the Lawrences; the last, Sir Charles Aitchison. Soldier-missionaries most of them were. The people loved them, and asked what the religion was that made such heroes. And many learned to follow for its own sake the Faith they had sought for theirs.

In Dr. Smith's book the religious element is most prominent, and after it the martial. For discussion of questions of practical administration at the present time, the reader had better turn to "Our Troubles in Poona and the Deccan," by A. T. Crawford. In forcible language and with no uncertain voice, this writer expresses his opinion as to British policy past and future. He advocates development of the police force, improved methods of irrigation, retrenchment in educational expenditure, and utterly condemns Brahmin influence, preferring Mahommedan. Apart from any question of the soundness of the opinions expressed, all who are seriously interested in India should find Mr. Crawford's lively book interesting and suggestive. And meanwhile those who care little about politics, and yet would like to know something about India, cannot do better than take up Mrs. Dunn's "Sunny Memories of an Indian Winter." They will find in it bright and charming descriptions of Indian ways and Indian places, written in an easy, graceful style, which carries the reader along without an effort.

And for boys who love adventure, or for anyone who wishes to get, without much trouble, a general idea of the history of India, we find still another new book on our table, "India: The Romance of Colonization," by A. E. Knight. It is written in a spirit of frank admiration of our own pluck and our own excellences generally, but that is only an amiable weakness, which it will not be difficult for the British public to forgive.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE CONFESSION OF STEPHEN WHAPSHARE. By Emma Brooke. 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)

Until we reached the last chapters of "The Confession of Stephen Whapshare," we were under the impression that Miss Brooke's object in writing the book had been to give us the history of the inner tragedy in the life of a husband who is misunderstood. But at the last moment we were—very unwillingly—led to understand that the whole story was to be regarded merely as a peg on which she could hang some strangely fantastic views on a mystic religion of her own creation. What these views are we are unable to state, for we are totally unfit to comprehend their significance, and it would thus be obviously unjust for us to sum them up in a few trite phrases. But the story itself we think we do understand. Stephen Whapshare was a rather ordinary man of superlatively high aspirations, who, from his youth upwards, had dedicated himself to the cause of Christ and humanity. He falls in love with, is loved by, and marries a woman whose intense and narrow devoutness is his undoing. Although all the characters in the pitiable tragedy are admirably realised, it is into her picture of Stephen Whapshare's wife that Miss Brooke has put her most finished work. We recognise the type of woman at the first glance; she is true to herself right down to the bitter end. Stephen Whapshare is all for mighty deeds, for heroic, Quixotic attempts to save mankind, to turn the world upside down; his wife, full of a self-centred piety, keeps him to herself, and stifles him in her own frigid narrowness. When she falls ill she has him always at her side, and he submits because, although she has ruined his life, he still loves her in a spiritless fashion, and because, with all his grand ideas, he has never had the courage to act for himself. Then the other woman, bright, cheerful, broad-minded, comes upon the scene, and he loathes himself and his existence. In a moment of fierce temptation, he gives his wife an overdose of chloral in her medicine. Then at last, after years of long drawn out torture, he is free—but we gather that nothing comes of his freedom. "The Confession of Stephen Whapshare" is the confession of a man whose soul has been crushed out of him. Such is the story—intense, unpleasant, morbid, but skilfully written, original, and, with the exception of the final mysticism, convincing from first to last. Here and there are reminiscences of the hysterical manner and exaggerated phraseology that disfigured Miss Brooke's first book, "A Superfluous Woman," and on the whole we hardly think that "The Confession of Stephen Whapshare" is an advance on "Life the Accuser," but it is now abundantly evident that Miss Brooke can write with power and with charm.

THE LION OF JANINA. By Maurus Jókai. Translated by R. Nisbet Bain. 6s. (Jarrold and Sons.)

This can hardly be described as a novel, or even as an historical romance. It is rather a picture, or a series of pictures, vivid and gorgeous, of Turkish life, and more especially of Turkish villainy and atrocity. Ali Pasha, the Lion of Janina, was certainly one of the most bloodthirsty ruffians ever produced even by that land of blood, and Maurus Jókai does not attempt in any way to gloss over the abominations of his cruelty. He seems, indeed, to gloat, in a somewhat morbid and unwholesome manner, over the portrait of a man who is steeped in horrors—and yet is still a hero. It is no mean tribute to the author's art to say that, detest Ali Pasha as every reader will feel bound to do, he will still be able to sympathise with him, almost to admire him, when, an old man, he defies in his stronghold the whole might of the Ottoman Empire. He was a man of giant mould, gigantic in cruelty, gigantic in valour. "The Lion of Janina" cannot be called one of Maurus Jokai's great works, for as a story it is scrappy and disjointed. But it contains many scenes which give the reader some idea of the strength of the great Hungarian author as a word painter. Mr. Nisbet Bain's translation does not read like a translation, and that is indeed high praise.

THE FOURTH NAPOLEON. By Charles Benham. 6s. (Heinemann.)

In this novel Mr. Benham has invented what is practically a new kind of romance, but we are sorry to say that though the central idea of "The Fourth Napoleon" is daring and original in the highest degree, the book itself, apart from the fascination of novelty, is altogether a failure. We confess even to a feeling of grievous disappointment that with such an excellent plot Mr. Benham should have produced so tedious a novel. It is naturally impossible to sum up in a few lines a story which occupies six hundred very closely printed pages. It is enough to say that the fourth Napoleon is treated as an historical reality. He heads a revolution, overthrows the French republic, re-establishes the monarchy, and wins back at least a portion of Alsace-Lorraine from Germany. It seems to us that out of such material it would have been comparatively easy to weave a thrilling romance, but Mr. Benham's Napoleon is such a weak, vacillating, and utterly cowardly creature, inheriting all the viciousness of his ancestors and none of their greatness, that at no point of his career does he win our sympathy or arouse our interest. The story is, moreover, so over-loaded with irrelevant detail, so hampered by the complicated histories of petty plots and insignificant intrigues, of long conversations and weary discussions on the advantages and disadvantages of Franco-Russian and a host of other alliances, that in spite of its extravagant originality, it is almost commonplace. Still, Mr. Benham certainly deserves the sincere thanks of the reading and more especially of the writing public, for he has opened up a new field for fiction. "The Fourth Napoleon" should at least serve a useful purpose by suggesting a wonderful variety of fresh plots for historical romance.

THE WROTHAMS OF WROTHAM COURT. By Frances Heath Freshfield. 6s. (Cassell.)

This story made an excellent start. Rupert, the younger Wrotham, quickly engaged our affections, and on the eve of his Bohemian poetical and dramatic career, after his escape from the bucolic atmosphere of his father's manor, we were all agog as he was—the future seemed to hold so much adventure and amusement. His London was the lively London of the Restoration, too. But soon he passes out of his creator's powers. The life of the brilliant young dramatist and player is beyond her imagination. If we were to believe her version, which we do not, it was dull. Prudently, but disappointingly, she elects to follow rather the career of the elder unintellectual brother, Anthony, who turns Quaker and emigrates to the New World. By sending him there she has found incidents to continue her story in the persecution of his sect. So her book, which began unconventionally, ends otherwise, and in spite of much good writing and other evidences of the writer's talent, we question before the end why the Wrothams of Wrotham Court should have had their story told at all.

A CREEL OF IRISH STORIES. By Jane Barlow. 6s. (Methuen.)

Alternately Miss Barlow gives us a book that is a present wonder and a permanent delight for its general power and its sympathetic insight into human nature, and one which we merely read contentedly, call pleasant, and hardly associate afterwards with her name. It is the turn of the pleasant book. It has the flavour of its writer, of course, and some of it might have been used in "Irish Idylls" without decreasing the value of that exquisite book. But as a whole it has the appearance of being the material left over after a fastidious selection has been made. There is a good deal of raw material; there are one or two tales of careful and mistaken workmanship—"The Keys of the Chest," for instance, and there are a few mere anecdotes. But trifling, or unworked, or erringly ambitious, the sympathy, the shrewd humour, the kindly glances at humankind that give distinction to Miss Barlow's best work are never wholly absent from these minor stories. We may quickly forget "McNeill's Tiger-Sheep" and "Three Pint Measures," but we have laughed healthily and heartily as we read them.

DAVID LYALL'S LOVE STORY. By the Author of "The Land o' the Leal." 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

It is not often that it is given to an author to feel that his work fulfils his own secret ambitions, that the printed page is an adequate, a complete expression of the thought which prompted him to write. As for the critic, he continually comes across books of great and remarkable promise, very seldom of great fulfilment. The stories which make up "David Lyall's Love Story" are worthy of special attention, for they are, in their own way, as near perfection as anything we have read for a long time past. This may seem, at first sight, an overbold statement, but we think no one who reads the book carefully will deny its truth. Any chapter will serve as an example of what we mean. Take, for instance, the story of "Bonnie Kate." It is the exceedingly simple history of an almost commonplace tragedy, a story which everyone who reads it will know from personal experience to be absolutely, photographically true to life. There is not the faintest suspicion of straining after dramatic effect, there is no exaggerated, hysterical pathos, and on the other hand there is no touch of the brutal and morbid realism which distinguishes the stories of a certain school of writers who have made such tragedies peculiarly their own. The utter pitifulness of it all is suggested rather than insisted upon, but the author does not stand afar off and cynically watch the scene with reporter's note-book in hand. Every character is perfectly realised, perfectly pictured. The grim, unbending Scotch father, from whose face all the hardness and sternness departs for ever as he stands by the bedside of his sinning, dying daughter, surrounded by the shame and squalor of a London slum, is only described in a few lines, but in those sentences he lives. It may be that such simple, simply told stories, regarded purely from a literary standpoint, do not reach the highest level, but it is surely not a small thing to have succeeded, as the author of "David Lyall's Love Story" has succeeded, in producing a book, every line of which is pure and wholesome, every line of which is truly realistic.

UNDER THE DRAGON THRONE. By L. T. Meade and Robert K. Douglas. 6s. (Gardner, Darton and Co.)

This is a collection of eminently readable and often genuinely exciting stories, in all of which Richard Maitland, "Her Britannic Majesty's Consul at the inland port of Ch'anyang," figures as the defender and rescuer of unfortunate English men and women who fall into the clutches of that strange mixture of bribery and superstition which, according to our authors, is known as the Chinese "law." The Consul is an excellent, if somewhat conceited, young man, and he well deserves the promotion which falls to his share at the end of the volume, for he pulls his fellow-countrymen out of innumerable scrapes, and generally succeeds in checkmating the unspeakable villany of the "heathen Chinee." If Mr. Douglas were not an authority on the subject we should certainly hesitate to accept his picture of the utter baseness and corruption of Chinese life. As it is we can only suppose that Mrs. L. T. Meade has arranged to supply the typical English heroes and heroines, and Mr. Douglas the typical and indispensable Chinese villains. Certainly he has succeeded in discovering a set of ruffians whose exploits ought to send a thrill through the most jaded reader.

The last story in the collection, which deals with the experiences of an English woman who marries a Chinaman, is particularly well told. It is a convincing and extremely sad picture of terrible misery, and even the ever-vigilant Maitland is unable to prevent the inevitable tragedy.

FAME THE FIDDLER. By S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald. 6s. (Lawrence Greening and Co.).

If Mr. Fitz-Gerald had contented himself with describing certain scenes and incidents from the London *vie de bohême* "Fame the Fiddler" would unquestionably have been a much more successful book. It is evident that he knows, better than most people, the strange and fascinating life of that Bohemia which hides itself from the vulgar gaze in the dirty alleys round Covent Garden and Tottenham Court Road, that to him Grub Street is much more than a mere name. Unfortunately, he seems to suffer from such a fear that his puppets will fail to carry conviction that he continually interrupts his narrative to offer all kinds of really quite needless and superfluous explanations with regard to the present distressful state of the press and the drama. These little moral essays, which are scattered broadcast throughout the book, are tiresome in the extreme. One chapter, "Ins and Outs of Bohemia," which is dumped down without rhyme or reason in the middle of the volume, and which does not contain a single reference to any character in the story, has specially annoyed us, made up as it is of such time-worn platitudes as "If you know what destitution and indigence mean, you are better able to appreciate affluence. But Fortunatus keeps a tight hold on his purse-strings, and is a trying taskmaster. However, if you possess youth and health and a light heart, and are not afraid of toil, you can afford to laugh at the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." Apart from these digressions "Fame the Fiddler" is an eminently readable book. It contains a number of delightful sketches, some of them clearly portraits, of present-day life in Bohemia, where the struggling author and artist eke out a painful and yet joyful and care-free existence. Concannen Pryor, Jim Oberthwaite, Tim O'Mulligan, and the rest, are charming companions, and we thoroughly enjoyed the history of their many adventures.

The book has been put together in a very careless manner. The misprints, especially in the German quotations, are sometimes wonderfully grotesque, several characters are introduced and described to the reader more than once, and we should be afraid to say how many times we are gravely informed that an actor is "a creature of impulse." The grammar—but perhaps after all the niceties of diction would be out of place in Bohemia.

IN SUMMER ISLES. By Burton Dibbs. 6s. (London: Heinemann.)

These stories are made out of the material Mr. Louis Becke has welded with a much heavier and likewise a more forceful hand. Mr. Dibbs has a certain gift of easy picturesque writing, but it is a gift quite untaught and untrained. Like all who, indolently, or from some absurd theory of "realism," write their impressions or recollections just as these occur to them, the result is frequently tedious and trifling. These sketches of Samoa and other Pacific isles repeat the now oft-told and somewhat nauseous tale of the white man's idle, aimless life in those regions, a life most unidyllic, and which any amount of flirtations with native beauties and adventures in bar-parlours often fails to make very interesting. Mr. Dibbs has little reticence, and there are passages which are at once vulgarly disagreeable and entirely unnecessary for the purposes of the tales. But he has a sense of pathos, and he captivates our interest for two Samoan beauties with gracious natures, Leata and Suevalë.

PHARISEES. By A. Kevill-Davies. 6s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

With a plentiful supply of incident and endless variety of scenes the author has contrived to make a very dull story. As to which of the many personages that play a part on the stage are alluded to in the title, a reader must be at a complete loss. If the book had been called "Philistines," it would have been descriptive of them all. The penniless heroine is the granddaughter of one rich man, and, in the course of time, marries another. To guide her back to the millions of her neglectful ancestor and to the husband, from whom her scruples concerning another living wife of his have alienated her, are the aims of this practical and prosaic writer, who, to lengthen the journeys to both points, has invented many hindrances nearly as irksome to us as they must have been to Nina. Between the first page and the four hundredth she sees life in many phases, as a vagrant applicant for work in New York, nurse-maid, keeper of a newspaper stand, manager of a bicycle establishment, comfortable woman of means, and associate of the English aristocracy. All this should be interesting, but it is not. We are sure Nina wanted all her dollars to give her ordinary attraction.

AT MIDNIGHT, and Other Stories. By Ada Cambridge. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

Miss Cambridge is not seen at her best in these short tales. She works better with space in which to develop a complicated plot; for she is an energetic, not a suggestive, writer, and the fine work demanded for brevity is hardly within her powers. The first one is a story of a crime, very melodramatic, very horrible, but told in so cheerful a fashion—it is a honeymoon experience, and the bride and bridegroom refuse to be depressed—that we keep thinking all will end well, and are shocked at the finding of the body. Then we are never really presented to the criminal, and accordingly feel slighted. The pleasantest story is "A Breath of the Sea," where the separation of a bad-tempered husband and a silly young wife is ended by an accident, and they promise rashly and agreeably and impossibly to be quite different persons ever after. The cleverest is "The Wind of Destiny"; but it makes a very cynical and low-spirited ending to what had better have been a merely entertaining book to wile away a tedious hour.

GEORGE MALCOLM. By Gabriel Setoun. 6s. (Bliss, Sands, and Co.)

Since his last book Mr. Setoun seems to us to have made a clear advance. He wastes less good matter here; he does not crowd his canvas with so many personages and circumstances that the result is a blur; the general effects are broader and clearer. Altogether the workmanship is better, and only a total suppression of the reflective passages—where he is too often homely without being impressive—is wanted to give rise to admiration for a story very easy and very pleasant to read. It strikes us, however, that at the outset Mr. Setoun had no story to tell. He wanted to present to us some pages from the life of a gentle-natured and intelligent, middle-class Scotch boy; and that he has done with sympathy and knowledge, giving, by the way, interesting glimpses into the religious and emotional life of Scotland. There he might have stopped; but something urged him to tell a more definite tale. Hence the appearance of the returned innocent convict, who gives his son, the young hero, something to do for the reinstatement of an injured reputation. But our interest begins to flag just at the outset of the boy's active career.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. 6s. (Macmillan and Co.)

There is distinct originality in Mrs. Fraser's treatment of two of her characters. They are favourite characters in fiction just now, and have received most serious consideration. One is the knowing, well-dressed, rather impecunious, unmarried London clubman, guide, philosopher, and most uncertain friend of many ladies, yet still capable of being touched by the fresh innocence of youth, and liking to seem a god to the *ingénue*. The other is the *femme incomprise*, living, very decently, apart from an obtuse-natured husband, and languorously ogling the uncertain and fascinating clubman in appeal for sympathy with very indefinite woes. They have been analysed over and over again; eloquent pity and solemn explanation have risen about them like incense. Mrs. Fraser sends them down into the country, the one in flight, the other in pursuit, forces them to meet at close quarters, and then makes them both the butts of a boy and a girl, barbarous and merciless practical jokers. Some of the situations are very amusing. When Kitty has marooned the couple on a shelterless island, on a rainy day, and when the miserable woman, making the most of the rare opportunity, thrills out under the umbrella, "What do you know about the silent sacrifices, the murdered ideals, the long heartaches of a woman's life?" and is answered by sneezes and coughs from the wretched and entirely unsentimental clubman, we feel recompensed for many tedious hours spent in the company of the same persons and of a writer who was actually taking them and himself seriously. The authoress of "The Brown Ambassador" writes best for children and of children. This is no book for them, but the young barbarians, Kitty and Roy, play havoc with its intention of being a novel, and turn it into a not altogether successful extravaganza, with some most entertaining scenes, however, and a fresh, healthy air of humour blowing over them all.

MISS BALMAINE'S PAST. By B. M. Croker. 6s. (Chatto.)

This would be a passably good story if we could believe it. But it keeps hitting up against reality and credibility all the time, and gets much bruised and battered. Miss Balmaine's "past" was a foolish, not a bad one. She had made a secret marriage when very young, and her husband left for foreign parts immediately, to make his fortune and hers. He was wrecked on a desert island, where his beard grew and his skin was tanned, so that when he was delivered, some few years after, and returned to England to claim a title, his young wife did not recognise him. Meanwhile the child born to them was spirited away by the young wife's wicked mother, and was growing up neglected, when his father found him quite by accident. Feeling an affinity, he adopted him. The best possible opportunities were given to Miss Balmaine to recognise the identity of her lost husband and Lord Airdrie, but, for the purposes of Miss Croker's story, she persisted in her stupidity, and played the part of the haughty rejecter of all offers for her hand because of an embittered past. Everything in the story fits in cleverly to an improbable situation; and as situation is everything, and characters and workmanship in this novel (so much below the usual level of Miss Croker's powers) hardly count at all, when the plot fails to satisfy, there is little to fall back upon for interest or amusement.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

WILD LIFE IN SOUTHERN SEAS. By Louis Becke. 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

We are inclined to think that in many ways this volume contains the best work Mr. Louis Becke has yet given us. The occasional pictures of wild life and wild scenery by reef and palm which are to be found scattered throughout his volume of short stories showed him to be possessed of a distinct gift for descriptive prose; but in these books it is the narrative—always powerful and dramatic, generally unpleasant, and sometimes distinctly gruesome—that grips the attention. "Wild Life in Southern Seas" more than fulfils the promise of these fugitive sketches, and in it there is nothing to interfere with our quiet enjoyment. Wild and wonderfully fascinating in its novelty is the life that is here depicted, and Mr. Becke's terse and vigorous English is admirably in keeping with the wildness of his subject. Every page is redolent of the glaring, gaudy Pacific; over the whole book there seems to hover the strange atmosphere of the Southern Seas. Mr. Becke carries us with him wherever he pleases. On the northern coast of New South Wales, where the "long Pacific rollers, unruffled by the faintest breath of air, sweep in endless but surfless succession around a chain of black, isolated, and kelp-covered rocks," we watch with him the titanic battle between the whales, or with him we fly through the water on a surf-boat, "with the sprume and froth playing about our hair and hissing and singing in our ears." While reading "Wild Life in Southern Seas" we are in Polynesia. Could we bestow higher praise on a volume of travel-sketches?

THE DUNGEONS OF OLD PARIS. By Tighe Hopkins. 7s. 6d. (Putnam's Sons.)

"The Dungeons of Old Paris," writes the author in his introduction, "were well-nigh as thick as its churches or its taverns." There is undoubtedly a certain romantic fascination about these countless old prisons, of which Mr. Tighe Hopkins has "undone the bolts," but we are inclined to question whether the subject repays the amount of research that has evidently been expended upon it. We are quite satisfied that it is not worthy of so bulky and pretentious a volume. After all, the story of life within the Conciergerie differs only in historical detail from that within the walls of the Bastille or La Roquette, and we do not think that "The Dungeons of Old Paris" will be of much value even to the student of French history, for it is written in a somewhat loose and disjointed manner, and the want of an index absolutely precludes its use as a book of reference. Moreover, those who take up the book in the hope of finding within its pages detailed and thrilling descriptions of crimes, criminals, and tortures will be doomed to disappointment. Mr. Tighe Hopkins' work is not in any way a French "Chronicles of Newgate." The comparison between the old and the new prison system, with which the book opens, strikes us as altogether one-sided and inadequate. They had, it is true, a rough and ready way of dealing with prisoners in the old days, and the history of outrage and horror perpetrated within "the dungeons of Old Paris" reads like a nightmare; but unfortunately there is in the prison system of this enlightened century, in France and in England, a refinement of cruelty undreamed of even in the days of the Terror.

TOURGUENEFF AND HIS FRENCH CIRCLE. Edited by E. Halperine-Kaminsky. Translated by Ethel M. Arnold. 7s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

Ivan Tourguéneff was a great novelist, and his work has never received in this country the amount of attention it undoubtedly deserves, but if we must judge him by this admittedly incomplete collection, he was neither a great, nor even an interesting letter-writer. In the present volume we get many delightful glimpses of the French literary *coterie* whose history has been set forth with such a wealth of irrelevant detail in the journal of the De Goncourts; but many of the letters here reproduced are, as the translator candidly admits, merely "a means to an end, that end being the communication of necessary information to his correspondents." Though they throw very little fresh light either on their author or on his French circle of friends, they are valuable as revealing a charming personality, and they will serve a useful purpose in drawing the attention of present-day readers to the work of one of the first of the modern "realists." The book is on the whole well translated, but a number of inexcusable misprints constantly annoy the reader.

MORE TRAMPS ABROAD. By Mark Twain. 6s. (Chatto.)

Of course, the new series will never reach the popularity of the old. Firstly, the travel reminiscences have no longer the fresh fun of youth; and then Mark Twain's manner has been imitated so often in recent years. In the present volume we accompany the author far afield, to Australia, India, and South Africa, and find him an agreeable fellow-tramp, observant, thirsty for information, unprejudiced, and unconventional, often flippant in the wrong place, but not obtrusively playing the funny man. The notes are very readable, very unaffected, and you would call the information valuable were it given you with a serious air. Readers in a hurry should turn to his attempt to grasp the character of Mr. Rhodes—summed up finely in these words—"I admire him, I frankly confess it; and when his time comes I shall buy a piece of the rope for a keepsake."

THE INTERNATIONAL CRITICAL COMMENTARY. A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Epistles to the Ephesians and to the Colossians. By Rev. T. K. Abbott, B.D., D. Litt. Dublin. 10s. 6d. (T. and T. Clark.)

Dr. Abbott has long been known as a scholar capable of original research, of very considerable acquirements in Biblical learning, and with the faculty of communicating his knowledge in a vivacious manner. This volume will certainly not detract from his reputation. So much has been written on the two Epistles assigned to Dr. Abbott that it might seem in vain to look for anything at once new and important regarding them. But by confining his commentary in great part to the philological aspect of his texts, he has succeeded in decidedly advancing our knowledge. As a philological commentary we have nothing quite as good; and Dr. Abbott's originality and brightness of mind vitalize what is old, and suggest much that is new.

STUDIES OF THE MIND IN CHRIST. By Rev. Thomas Adamson, BD., Glasgow. 4s. 6d. (T. and T. Clark.)

"The Mind in Christ" has kept its secret to this hour. No theologian has been able to construct it so as to give scope at once to the Divine omniscience and the human limitations. Here is a Person Divine and human: will His knowledge be that of God or that of man, or both, or neither? If we are nearer an answer to-day than Athanasius and Basil were, it is only by perceiving that certain of the old solutions are incompetent. We now see that to affirm that our Lord knew a thing as God which He did not know as man is to come perilously near dividing the unity of His Person into two. Mr. Adamson approaches his task well equipped by scholarship and a knowledge of the relevant literature, which he uses without ostentation. He also proves himself capable of somewhat abstruse theological thought and speculation. He has given us a book eminently worthy of the attention of all who are interested in theology; for, although it cannot be said to have solved the problem, it yet brings forward some ideas which have not hitherto been taken into account, and it presents a full and impartial survey of the material. Criticism Mr. Adamson must be prepared for, but he may entrench himself in the assurance that he has treated a great and difficult subject in a worthy manner.

HEINRICH HEINE'S "LIEDER UND GEDICHTE." With Notes and Introduction by C. A. Buchheim, Ph.D. Golden Treasury Series. 2s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

There can be no doubt that Heine must be numbered among the poets who gain immeasurably by what Professor Buchheim calls "the process of elimination." The present selection is to all intents and purposes a perfect one, for it shows a great poet at his very best. We can say of it, as of very few similar works, that we do not miss from its pages a single line which we should have desired to see there. In this book you have all that is strongest, all that is most beautiful in Heine's poetry. Unfortunately, it would be unfair to judge Heine by such an expurgated collection. In forming an estimate of his genius, one is bound to take into account the dark and fierce cynicism, the bitter frivolity that marred and disgraced so much of his work. If this little volume were his only claim to remembrance, high indeed would be his position among the world's poets. Professor Buchheim's introduction and notes are in every way excellent. We are glad to notice that he draws special attention to Heine's sea poems, which are, perhaps, without equal in the literature of any country. The German language lends itself particularly to the reproduction of the mighty roar and quivering whispers of the waves, and Heine made a wonderful use of this peculiarity. The volume is produced in the delightful style with which all book lovers are now so familiar, and, though the poems are printed in German characters, we have not noticed a single misprint.

LETTERS FROM JULIA, OR LIGHT FROM THE BORDERLAND. Edited by W. T. Stead. 2s. (Grant Richards.)

In the course of a singularly crowded career Mr. Stead has often fearlessly flung his gauntlet in the face of conventionality. We are inclined to think that the publication of this little volume is one of the boldest things, perhaps *the* boldest thing, he has ever done. For it must be clearly understood that he claims in all earnestness for these letters that they are direct and unaltered communications received by him from the spirit world. He claims that someone who has "gone before" has throughout guided his pen, and has seen fit, through his instrumentality, to lift the thin veil that hangs between the living and the dead. However much we may question his wisdom, we cannot but admire the rare courage of a man who thus offers himself a target for all the ridicule of an unbelieving generation, and all the bitter attacks of outraged conventionality. It is obvious that in a review such as this a detailed discussion of these letters is quite out of the question, and, indeed, any enquiry into their genuineness implies a doubt as to the good faith of their editor, who so positively and emphatically vouches for them. "Letters from Julia" is one of the few books which must be judged and appraised by every individual reader for himself. The criticism of an outsider will inevitably be irrelevant, perhaps even impertinent. Still we may be permitted to say, without in any way entering into the exceedingly difficult questions raised by these letters, that they contain a number of strikingly beautiful and suggestive passages, which no one who reads them is likely to forget, and which many will be the better for reading.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ADAMSON, Rev. T.—Studies of the Mind in Christ, 4/6..T. & T. Clark
[*See p.* 164.]

BENNETT, W. H., and **ADENEY**, W. F.—Bible Story Retold for Young People, 5/-......Clarke

DRUMMOND, H.—The Ideal Life, 6/-......Hodder
[*See p.* 158.]

Fragments of the Book of Kings according to Translation of Aquila. Edited by Burkitt, 10/6......Camb. Univ. Press

GORE, C.—St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, a Practical Exposition, 3/6......Murray

JOHNSTON, Rev J.—China and Formosa. Story of Mission of Presbyterian Church of England, 4/6......Hazell

LITTON, Rev. E. A.—The Church of Christ, 5/-......Nisbet

MARTIN, Rev. A.—Winning the Soul, and other Sermons, 6/- Hodder

OVERTON, Dr. J. H.—The Anglican Revival, 2/6......Blackie

SIDGWICK, Prof. H.—Practical Ethics, a Collection of Addresses and Essays 4/6 ......Swan Sonnenschein
[*See* p. 156.]

SNELL, Rev. B. J.—The Widening Vision, Sermons, First Series, 3/6 Cave

SNELL, Rev. B. J.—Le Bon Dieu, and other Addresses to Children. First Series, 2/-......Cave

SPURGEON, C. H.—Come Ye Children, 2/-....Passmore & Alabaster
[*A collection of short papers on the Christian training of children, which will appeal strongly to parents and Sunday-school teachers.*]

SPURGEON, C. H.—Everybody's Book, 2/- ....Passmore & Alabaster
[*A curiously miscellaneous collection of extracts from Mr. Spurgeon's writings. The book is printed in a wonderful variety of types, and cannot be said to be produced in an attractive manner.*]

The Holy Bible, with Introduction by J. W. Mackail, vol. iv., 5/- Macmillan
[*The fourth volume of this edition includes the Sacred Books from Job to the Song of Solomon. The general arrangement of the matter is in the modern style, and this volume has the excellences of its predecessors.*]

The New Testament of Jesus for Theists ......Williams & Norgate
[*A collection of passages from the New Testament selected in accordance with theistical ideas. With this comes a tract on the subject of re-incarnation.*]

WATSON, Rev. **JOHN**, and **OTHERS**.—The Clerical Life, a Series of Letters to Ministers, 5/-......Hodder

NEW EDITION.

ROBERTSON, Rev. **JAS**.—Our Lord's Teaching, 1/6.....A. & C. Black
[*A new and enlarged edition of this well-known book will be welcome to many. Three chapters having reference to present currents of thought have been added.*]

FICTION.

BENHAM, C.—The Fourth Napoleon, a Romance, 6/-......Heinemann
[*See p.* 161.]

BROOKE, E.—The Confessions of Stephen Whapshare, 6/- Hutchinson
[*See p.* 161.]

BRYANT, E. M.—Norma, a School Tale, 3/6......Digby
[*An account of the remarkably lively doings of a set of somewhat over-lively girls at a boarding school. The influence of a book like this is not likely to be of much assistance to those who have the charge of such establishments, but it is only fair to say that the story generally works out on the side of law and order.*]

CAMERON, Mrs. L.—Devil's Apples, 6/-......F. V. White

CRAIG, R. J.—Hauff's "Marie of Lichtenstein," 6/- ......Digby
[*An excellent translation of Hauff's stirring romance of the time of the famous* (*or notorious*) *Duke Ulrich of Wirtemberg. The language loses nothing in preserving here and there an echo of the original.*]

CROKER, B. M.—Miss Balmaine's Past, 6/-......Chatto
[*See p.* 163.]

DELF, T. W. H.—The Man in the Check Suit, 3/6......Jarrold
[*One of those bewildering stories where dead men come to life again, and things are turned generally topsyturvy in a light and cheerful fashion. One of the characters exclaims towards the close "Quel dénouement magnifique!" We are content to leave him the responsibility of his opinion.*]

ERSKINE, The Hon.—Lord Dullborough, 3/6......Arrowsmith
[*A sufficiently amusing skit on society in general, with thinly-disguised hits at various well-known people and institutions, political and literary.*]

EWENS, E.—The Stars in their Courses, a Modern Romance of the Himalayas, 6/-......Ward & Downey

FRANCIS, H.—The Rajah of Patinandri, a Hindu Romance, 4/- Reeves

FRANCIS, H.—The White Cat, a Tale of the Chiltern Hills, 4/6 Reeves

GREG, T. T.—Through a Glass Lightly, 3/6......Dent

GURNEY, A.—Love's Fruition, 2/6......Longmans

JAY, K.—Rose, a Romance of 192—, 2/-......Arrowsmith

LEE, K.—When Fortune Frowns, 2/-......H. Cox

MALOT, **HECTOR**.—No Relations ......Bentley
[*An excellent illustrated translation of Hector Malot's celebrated novel, "Sans Famille." Something like* 200,000 *copies of the book have been sold in France.*]

MANN, M. E.—The Cedar Star, 6/-......Hutchinson

NASH, C.—Queens and Knaves, 3/6...... Digby
[*A bright and pleasant story.*]

ORTON, H.—Through One Man's Sin, 3/6 ......Digby

REES, R.—Owen Tanat, a Story of Welsh Life, 6/- ......Digby

ROSE-SOLEY.—Manoupa, 6/- ......Digby
[*A most disagreeable story of Australian life at its worst.*]

SOANS, R. G.—John Gilbert, Yeoman, a Romance of the Commonwealth, 6/- ......Warne

ST. GEORGE, P.—The Gown and the Man, 6/- ......Digby
[*The scene of the story is laid in the seventeenth century. The manner, the dialogue, and the atmosphere generally are emphatically those of the nineteenth. There are some interesting touches, but the situations are hardly natural or even possible.*]

WALKER, E.—The Priest and the Actress, 6d.......Roxburghe Press
[*A book of depressing and disagreeable so-called "Idylls." Idylls ought not to lead the reader through such chill and dreary ways and leave him at last, sad and ashamed, in the outer darkness.*]

WESTBURY, H.—Acte, a Novel, 6/-......Bentley

WOODS, M. L.—Weeping Ferry, and other Stories, 6/-....Longmans

WYNDHAM, E.—Revelation, 6/- ......Digby
[*An uncanny story of transmigration of souls, pre-existences, and so forth. The writer is quite in earnest, however, and the story is very readable, though prosaic folks will probably find it absurd.*]

NEW EDITIONS.

AUSTEN, **JANE**.—Northanger Abbey, and Persuasion. With Illustrations by Hugh Thomson, and an Introduction by Austin Dobson, 3/6 ......Macmillan
[*This volume completes the edition of Jane Austen's works in this collection of illustrated standard novels. The illustrations by Mr. Hugh Thomson do not strike us as being quite up to his usual standard of excellence.*]

ELIOT, **GEORGE**.—Amos Barton, 1/- net......Blackwood

ELIOT, **GEORGE**.—Janet's Repentance, 1/- net......Blackwood

ELIOT, **GEORGE**.—Mr. Gilfil's Love Story, 1/- net......Blackwood
[*Three charming reprints of stories from Scenes of Clerical Life. The binding is very tasteful, but it is a pity that the type and paper are not identical in all three volumes.*]

JOKAI, **MAURUS**.—Dr. Dumany's Wife, a Romance, translated by F. Steinitz, 5/-......Jarrold
[*A new edition of one of the Hungarian novelist's latest stories. The copyright of this translation has just been acquired by Messrs. Jarrold and Sons who now publish most of the English versions of Dr. Jokai's novels.*]

KENNARD, Mrs. E.—A Riverside Romance. Cheap Edition, 8/- White

LANG, A.—A Monk of Fife, 3/6 ...... Longmans

SCOTT, Sir **WALTER**.—The Antiquary, 3/6......J. C. Nimmo
[*The third volume of the cheap reissue of the Border edition, with an introductory essay by Andrew Lang and ten illustrations.*]

WINTER, J. S.—The Truth Tellers, cheap edition, 2/6......White

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

BELL, **DAVID CHARLES**.—Bell's Reader's Shakespeare. Vol. III., The Comedies, 3/6......Hodder & Stoughton
[*The concluding volume of the Reader's Shakespeare, which gives the plays in a condensed and abridged form suitable for school and home reading and for recitation.*]

BROCKMAN, L.—Bright Thoughts, Text Book for Every Day of the Church's Year, 2/6 ......Digby
[*These verses show sincere religious feeling. Doubtless many will use the book with pleasure and profit.*]

BROWNLEE, Rev. J.—Hymns from East and West, 2/6 ......Nisbet

CALDER, R. M.—Songs and Poems, edited by W. S. Crockett, 3/6 Houlston

DE VERE, **AUBREY**.—Poetical Works, vol. v., 5/-......Macmillan

EBBS, E.—The Inner Light, and Other Poems, 1/6......Digby
[*The versification is not without a certain fluency. Of this and many other similar collections of verses it is difficult to speak in any but negative terms. Still, there is no harm in writing them, and perhaps not much even in publishing them.*]

HADOW, W. H.—A Croatian Composer; Notes toward the Study of Joseph Haydn, 2/6 ...... Seeley

HALL, H. M. M.—Voices in Verse, 2/6......Allenson

HARMAN, E. G.—Poems from Horace, Catullus, and Sappho, and other Pieces, 3/- ......Dent

HOWARD, H. N.—Footsteps of Proserpine, 5/- ......Stock
[*A volume of verses on various subjects, full of poetic fancy gracefully expressed.*]

J. L. H.—The Starless Crown, and other Poems, 2/6......Stock
[*A little volume of simple, devotional verse.*]

LEE, E.—Hinemoa, 3/6 ......J. Clarke
Hinemoa is a Maori heroine, whose romantic daring is celebrated in the metre and manner of "Hiawatha." The other pieces are short occasional poems and a number of graceful sonnets.]

LISHMAN, A.—Terje Viken, 2/6......Lishman
[*The first poem, which gives its name to the book, is a translation from Ibsen. The subject is fine, and the metre ought to be stirring in the original. The language has not the fire of Norse poetry, and the other verses are either commonplace or absurd.*]

MOZLEY, J. R.—A Vision of England, and other Poems, 3/6..Bentley

PHILLIPS, S.—Poems, 4/6......Lane
[*See p.* 154.]

POTTER, C.—Divina Commedia of Dante, 6/- ......Digby
[*This translation exhibits some felicities of expression, but is marred by errors in versification.*]

POWELL, E.—Vox Humana, 2/-......Jarrold
There is no special originality in these verses, but some of them are pleasing.]

Sacrament in Song, being Extracts from English Poets, by E. A. D., 2/6 Clarendon Press

NEW EDITIONS.

BUCHANAN, **ROBERT**.—Saint Abe and his Seven Wives, 2/6 Robert Buchanan
["*Saint Abe and his Seven Wives*" *was published anonymously by Mr. Strahan in* 1870, *and went through several editions in a very short space of time. In an appendix to the present issue Mr. Buchanan cruelly prints a number of reviews of the first edition. These are decidedly amusing reading, for most of the critics seem to have taken it for granted that the author of the satire was James Russell Lowell, though a few suggested Bret Harte. This, the first cheap edition and the first to bear the author's name on the title page, will be welcomed by many who would wish to read again a really remarkable poem, around which a good deal of fierce controversy has raged.*]

HENDRY, H.—Burns from Heaven, 5/- ......Bryce
[*Of these poems the Scots are decidedly the best, written as they are in the manner and metre of Burns, poking fun at literary and ecclesiastical fashions. The Kailyard literature and the Higher Criticism are hit off with humorous satire.*]

Moir, D. M. (Delta).—Domestic Verses (Centenary Ed.), 2/6 Blackwood

Psalms of the West, 1/6....................Longmans
[*Written on the model of the Scriptural renderings of Hebrew poetry. The third edition has been carefully revised, and is issued in neat and convenient form.*]

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

Allan, James.—Under the Dragon Flag..............Heinemann
[*A lively and interesting account of the experiences of a young Englishman during the Chino-Japanese war. Mr. Allan was present at the massacre at Port Arthur, and his description of the atrocities perpetrated by both Chinese and Japanese is fearful reading.*]

Arch, Joseph, Story of his Life, Told by Himself, 12/- .... Hutchinson
[*See p.* 160.]

Beckford-Smith, R. A. H.—Cretan Sketches, 6/-.............Drane

Bell, M.—Christina Rossetti, a Biographical and Critical Study, 12/- Hurst & Blackett
[*See p.* 154.]

Bishop, Mrs.—Korea and her Neighbours, a Narrative of Travel, 2 vols., 24/- ....J. Murray

Boas, Mrs. F.—English History for Children, 2/6.............Nisbet

Borland, R.—Border Raids and Reivers, 5/...............T. Fraser

Charteris, Rev. K. H.—A Faithful Churchman, 1/6..A. & C. Black
[*This new volume of the issue of the Guild Library Series is an abridgment of the former "Life of Professor Robertson." Dr. Robertson is a prominent man in the annals of the Church of Scotland, partly because of his academic position, but chiefly because of the service he did that Church during the ten years preceding* 1843. *Professor Charteris does him every justice in this biography.*]

Church, W. C.—Ulysses S. Grant and the Period of National Preservation and Reconstruction, 5/- ....Putnam

Cuthbertson, E. J.—William Shakespeare, 1/-............Chambers
[*A concise account of all that we know or can surmise of the history of Shakespeare's life.*]

Dunn, S. H.—Sunny Memories of an Indian Winter, 6/- Walter Scott
[*See p.* 160.]

Forbes, A.—Life of Napoleon III., 12/-............Chatto & Windus

Glover, Sir J. H., Life of, by Lady Glover, 14/-..........Smith, Elder

Gregorovius, F.—History of Rome in the Middle Ages, Vol. V., 2 parts, 9/- ....G. Bell & Sons
[*The two parts of this volume cover the period from the reign of Innocent III. until the year* 1305. *Part II. concludes with an interesting picture of Rome in the thirteenth century.*]

Haliburton, A Centenary Chaplet ....William Briggs, Toronto
[*This little volume, in which are collected a number of excellent articles on the life and work of Judge Haliburton, is intended as a tribute to the memory of the author of "The Clockmaker," whose centenary was celebrated in December last.*

Harrisse, H.—The Diplomatic History of America, its First Chapter, 7/6..............................B. F. Stevens

Hadden, Cuthbert.—Life of George Thomson, 10/6.........Nimmo

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, An Account of his Career, 10/6 Richards

Inman, Col. H.—The Old Santa Fé Trail, 14/-............Macmillan

Jenks, E.—Law and Politics in the Middle Ages, 12/-......J. Murray

Knight, A. E.—India: The Romance of Colonisation, 2/6..Partridge

Nunan, J. J.—Islam Before the Turk, 9d..................Ponsonby
[*This essay exhibits in small compass the fruits of vast labour and study. It gives a most instructive account of the development of the Empire of Mahomet until the end of the fifteenth century.*]

O'Donoghue, D.—Life and Writings of Clarence Mangan, 7/6 Geddes
[*See p.* 158.]

Orleans, Prince Henri D'.—From Tonkin to India, translated by H. Bent, 25/- ....Methuen

Peter the Great, by O. Browning, 5/- ....Hutchinson
[*See p.* 157.]

Rawnsley, Rev. H. D.—Henry Whitehead, 6/- ....Maclehose
[*A pleasantly-written biography of a good and able man. The book is agreeable reading for any one, but will be specially interesting to those who have been brought into personal contact with Mr. Whitehead. A list is given of his writings, including several volumes of sermons and many pamphlets and articles.*]

Reynolds-Ball, E. A., B.A., F.R.G.S.—Cairo of To-Day, 2/6 A. & C. Black
[*The latest addition to Messrs. Black's splendid series of Guide Books. Furnished with a number of excellent maps, it is everything that a guide book should be.*]

Sharp, R. F.—A Dictionary of English Authors, 7/6 ....G. Redway

Smith, Dr. G.—Twelve Indian Statesmen, 10/6............J. Murray
[*See p.* 160.]

Spurgeon, C. H.—Autobiography, Vol. I., 10/6 Passmore & Alabaster

Tourgueneff and his French Circle, translated by E. M. Arnold, 7/6 Fisher Unwin
[*See p.* .]

Trotter, Lieut.-Col. J. K.—The Niger Sources and the New Sierra Leone Protectorate, 5/- ....Methuen

Vince, C. A.—John Bright (Victorian Era Series) 2/6 ....Blackie

Walker, M. A.—Old Tracks and New Landmarks, 14/-......Bentley

White, H. A.—Robert E. Lee and the Southern Confederacy, 1807-1870, 5/- ....Putnam

Younghusband, Capt. F.—South Africa of To-Day, 8/6 net Macmillan

New Edition.

Chirol, Valentine.—The Far Eastern Question, 8/6 net..Macmillan
[*This book was originally published in* 1896, *and was the outcome of a very careful study of the industrial and political life of China immediately after the war with Japan. At the present juncture it will be read with exceptional interest, for it contains a very clear and convincing account of the utter rottenness, of the "fatuous imbecility made up in equal parts of arrogance and helplessness," of the central government of the Chinese Empire. The fact that many of Mr. Chirol's predictions have during the last few months received striking fulfilment proves the accuracy of his observations and criticisms. The book contains a number of interesting illustrations of scenes of Chinese life.*]

LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

Balgarnie, W. H.—Xenophon's Anabasis, Book IV., 3/6......Clive
[*A useful students' edition, fully annotated and supplied with historical and geographical indexes. The Introduction gives the historical setting, and explains Xenophon's connection with the Expedition of the Ten Thousand.*]

Barnett, T. D.—Questions on "The Tempest" ....Relfe
[*These questions will be helpful to students and teachers in view of any examination on the play.*]

Bickerton, A. W.—A New Story of the Stars..Whitcombe & Tombs
[*From New Zealand comes a reprint of the various articles in which Prof. Bickerton enunciates and defends his new theory of "Partial Impact," by means of which he undertakes to explain many astronomical phenomena hitherto mysterious, and to prove the immortality of the cosmos. The "discovery" has attracted the attention of many scientific students in the Antipodes.*]

Butler, Rev. D.—The Ancient Church and Parish of Abernethy, 25/- Blackwood

Cook, A. M., and Marchant, E. C.—Passages for Unseen Translation from Latin and Greek, 3/6.................Methuen

Darwin, Major L.—Bimetallism, 7/6 ....J. Murray

Daw, A. W., and Z. W.—The Blasting of Rock in Mines and Quarries, etc., Part 1, 15/- ....Spon

Euripides, The Medea, translated by T. Nash, 1/-............Simpkin

Euripides, The Medea, edited by C. E. S. Headlam, 2/6 Cam. Univ. Press

Flather, J. H.—Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, 1/6 Cam. Univ. Press
[*An excellent reader for young pupils.*]

Garrett, F. C., and Harden, A.—An Elementary Course of Practical Organic Chemistry, 2/-....................Longmans

Gorse, F.—Milton's Paradise Lost, Book II., 1/- ....Blackie
[*A useful school edition, containing the usual aids to study, and in addition a description of the cosmology of the poem, and some good notes on figures of speech and parallel classical passages.*]

Haydon, J. H.—Ovid: Metamorphoses, Book XIII., 1/6.. ....Clive
[*A capital book for examination purposes. The introduction gives just the information needed, while difficulties both as to grammar and meaning are fully explained in the notes. The Rules of Prosody included in the Appendix will greatly assist the learner in his efforts at scansion.*]

Heine, H.—Lieder und Gedichte, selected and arranged by C. A. Buchheim, 2/6 ....Macmillan

Henderson, J.—Practical Electricity and Magnetism, 6/6..Longmans

Hovenden, F.—What is Life, 6/- ....Chapman and Hall
[*An attempt to form a synthesis of Life and the Universe from the materials provided by scientific investigation. The biological section is scholarly and interesting, but we are far from accepting the author's deductions. His treatment of Christianity is grossly unfair, and in any case, any attempt to treat religion as simply a department of science is necessarily inadequate.*]

Howe, H. A.—Elements of Descriptive Astronomy, 7/6 ..Gay & Bird

Lessing, G. E.—Minna von Barnhelm, edited by H. J. Wolstenholme, 3/-..............................Camb. Univ. Press

Malot's Remi et ses Amis, 2/-..................Camb. Univ. Press

Medhurst, J. T.—Book-keeping by Double Entry, 2/- ....Bell

Nicholson, J. S.—Principles of Political Economy, Vol. II., Bk. 3, 12/6..............................Black

Page, J. M.—Ordinary Differential Equations, 6/6 ....Macmillan

Powers, G. W.—England and the Reformation, 1/-..........Blackie
[*We have here No.* 4 *of the Oxford Manuals of English History, bringing us up to the year* 1603. *This series is eminently suited for use in secondary schools.*]

Rosen, Dr. F.—Modern Persian Colloquial Grammar, 10/6....Luzac

Royal Gardens, Kew, illus. ed. by Mrs. S. Goldney, 2/-......Dawbarn

Simonson, P. F.—Treatise on Law relating to Debentures and Debenture Stocks, 21/-..............................E. Wilson

Skeat, B. M.—A Public School Reciter, 2/6 ....Longmans

Taylor's Euclid, Solutions of the Exercises, by W. W. Taylor, 10/6 Camb. Univ. Press

Verity, A. W.—The Merchant of Venice, 1/6....Camb. Univ. Press
[*The auxiliary matter in this edition is unusually full and interesting The marginal synopsis of the Introduction will be a help to students preparing for examination, while the "Sources of the Play" given in their entirety in the Appendix are interesting to those whose reading has a wider range. School children are to be envied the amount of valuable scholarship placed at their service in these days.*]

Wade, J.—Introduction to the Study of Organic Chemistry, 7/6 Sonnnenschein

Walker, J.—Views on Some of the Phenomena of Nature, 3/6 Sonnenschein

Watson, J. (ed.).—Best Breeds of British Stock, 2/6........Thacker

Weekley, E.—Preceptor's French Course, 2/6......Univ. Corr. Coll.
[*An excellent course for school use. It will be found an advantage that the negative-interrogative and other inverted forms of conjugation of verbs are printed in full.*]

Withers, H. L.—The Merchant of Venice, 1/6...............Blackie
[*The editor in a prefatory note explains and justifies certain peculiarities in the method of study which he recommends. He aims, most rightly, at leading the learner to see with his own eyes and discriminate with his own judgment instead of handing him a sheaf of ready-made opinions. In the Appendix he devotes more space to prosody than is usual in such reprints.*]

New Edition.

Brockington, A. A.—English Grammar, 1/-...................Relfe
[*Teachers will find this little book useful, especially with the addition of the new exercises.*]

MISCELLANEOUS.

Addleshaw, P.—The Cathedral Church of Exeter, 1/6 G. Bell & Sons
[*Eleven volumes of this "Cathedral" Series are now ready. This volume is very complete and instructive, and will be most useful to students of archæology. The illustrations greatly increase the interest of the book.*]

AMICIS, E. DE.—On Blue Water, translated by J. B. Brown, 7/6 ... Putnam

AITKEN, G. A.—The Spectator, 7/- ... Nimmo
[*The third volume of this set. A portrait of Eustace Budgell forms an appropriate frontispiece.*]

BANNER, B.—Household Sewing, with Home Dressmaking, 2/6 ... Longmans

BEASLEY, B.—Reminiscences of a Stammerer, 2/6 ... Roxburghe Press

BINNS, C. F.—The Story of the Potter, 1/- ... Newnes
[*A little book, not over technical, which will be interesting to lovers of artistic china. There are plenty of illustrations and a convenient chronological list.*]

Book Prices Current, Vol. XI., 27/6 ... Stock
[*See p.* 159.]

BROWN, J. E. A.—The Heart of a Servant, 1/- ... Elliot Stock
[*A little book for domestic servants, showing them the value of their work and its responsibilities in the light of Christianity.*]

BROWNING, H. E.—Beauty Culture, 3/6 ... Hutchinson

CATHERWOOD, M. H.—The Days of Jeanne d'Arc, 6/- ... Gay & Bird

COATE, H. E. A.—Realities of Sea Life, 3/6 ... Upcott Gill

COOPER, T. P.—The Old Inns and Inn Signs of York, 2/6 ... Delittle & Sons
[*Those who are interested in York and its history cannot fail to find much that will please them in this book. The reproductions of the author's sketches add greatly to the value of the work.*]

CRAWFORD, A.—Our Troubles in Poona and the Deccan, 14/- ... Constable
[*See p.* .]

CUNNINGHAM, W.—Alien Immigrants in England, 4/6 ... Swan Sonnenschein

DANIELS, J. H.—History of British Post Marks, 2/6 ... Upcott Gill

DAVIES, Rev. DAVID.—John Vaughan and his Friends, 4/6 ... J. Clarke
[*This picture of Welsh life, particularly church life, is offered as a companion volume to the writer's "Echoes from the Welsh Hills." The author knows Wales thoroughly, and writes* con amore. *His pictures of Welshmen and their ways are most interesting.*]

Dod's Peerage, 10/6 ... Sampson Low
[*The edition for* 1898 *is as marvellously complete and compact as its predecessors. It has been carefully revised and brought up to date.*]

Eight Stories from Andersen, edited by W. Rippman, 2/6 ... Camb. Univ. Press

ELLIS, H.—Affirmations, 6/- ... W. Scott
[*See p.* .]

FARRAR, F. W.—Allegories, 6/- ... Macmillan

FINLAY, L. L.—Philippa's Adventures in Upsidedown Land, a Child's Story, 1/6 ... Digby
[*A nonsense-book for children, with little bits of instruction cunningly thrown in. The nonsense is very nonsensical sometimes.*]

FLETCHER, M.—Sand Modelling for Infant and Junior Schools 3/6 ... Philip

GOADBY, L.—The Wrath of Achilles, 3/6 ... Edwin, Vaughan & Co.
[*Some part of the story of the Iliad is here told in simple and graceful language, suitable for youthful readers, who will find in this book not the narrative merely, but much of the imagery of the original.*]

HAMILTON, M.—The Pinero Birthday Book, 2/6 ... Heinemann

HENLEY, W. E.—Burns, 1/- ... T. C. & E. C. Jack
[*Mr. Henley's Essay on the Life, Genius, and Achievement of Burns in "The Centenary Burns" was fully commented upon when it was published. The present reprint of the essay will bring it within reach of many who might not have access to it otherwise.*]

HOOPER, F., and GRAHAM, J.—Introduction to Modern Business Methods, 2/6 ... Macmillan

KENNEDY, T.—A History of the Irish Protest against Over-Taxation, 5/- ... Simpkin

Letters from Julia, or Light from the Borderland, edited by W. T. Stead, 2/- ... Richards
[*See p.* 164.]

The Letter Writer ... Ward, Lock
[*A prodigious amount of information can be got for a penny nowadays! The examples of business and other formal letters will be found useful. The others are amusing.*]

Lodge's Peerage and Baronetage, 31/6 ... Hurst & Blackett
[*This useful book of reference presents the same features as in former years, with the necessary corrections in the new edition. A list of the Queen's Household has been added.*]

LOWSLEY, Lieut.-Col. B.—Whist of the Future, 3/6 ... Sonnenschein

MUIR, JOHN.—Carlyle on Burns ... Wm. Hodge & Co., Glasgow
[*In this volume Mr. John Muir has collected and arranged a very large number of references to Burns which are to be found scattered throughout Carlyle's writings, more especially in his letters to Goethe and others. The passages, which are edited in a most attractive manner, form an interesting addition to Carlyle's estimate of Burns's genius, as given in his famous essay. Mr. Muir draws special attention to Carlyle's review of Heintze's translation of Burns's poems which was contributed to the "Examiner" in* 1840, *and which seems to have escaped the notice of the majority of Carlyle's biographers and bibliographers.*]

MUNDELL, F.—Heroines of History, 1/6 ... S.S. Union
[*Another volume of this excellent collection of stories of heroic women. The heroines of the Indian Mutiny are not forgotten.*]

MUNDELL, F.—Stories of Balloon Adventure, 1/6 ... S.S. Union
[*A series of thrilling tales, well illustrated, giving an interesting survey of the history of aerial navigation from Daedalus and Icarus to Andrée and Strindberg. The volume will be followed by others dealing with other forms of adventure.*]

MCMILLAN, ALEC, M.A.—Portentous Prophets and Prophetesses, 2/6 ... Digby
[*A disappointing book on a promising subject. Mr. McMillan's reviews of books by Mrs. Besant, Max Nordau, Robert Buchanan, and many other portentous prophets and prophetesses are decidedly commonplace.*]

PIKE, G. H., and Others.—Among the Sailors during the Life and Reign of the Queen, 3/6 ... Hodder

ROQUETTE, Mrs.—Our Polly, the Adventures of a Parrot, 3/6 ... Gardner, Darton

SMITH, G. G.—Golf, 1/-, paper covers, 6d. ... Lawrence & Bullen
[*A useful book for those who wish to play golf with the understanding as well as the muscles. Mrs. Mackern contributes a chapter on Ladies' Golf, and remarks on the truly miraculous "putting" even of tyros. The frontispiece is a view of St. Andrews—dear to the heart of the golfer. An appendix contains a Glossary, Rules, and Directory of Leading Golf Clubs.*]

STACPOOLE, F.—Handbook of Housekeeping for Small Incomes, 2/6 ... Walter Scott
[*Contains a great deal of useful matter. Good advice is helpful, though housekeeping rules must always be elastic.*]

SUTTON, R.—Short Account of Pevensey, 2/6 ... Simpkin

TWINING, LOUISA.—Workhouses and Pauperism, 2/6 ... Methuen
[*An excellent and most valuable account of women's work in the administration of the Poor Law, by one who for more than forty years has done strenuous work in the cause of reform.*]

VENABLES, Rev. E.—Lincoln Cathedral, 1/- ... Isbister
[*A delightful little book for those interested in Lincoln or its Minster. Mr. Railton's illustrations are charming.*]

WEBB, SIDNEY and BEATRICE.—Industrial Democracy. 25/- net ... Longmans
[*See p.* 159.]

WEST, —.—Earle's Microcosmography, 3/- ... Camb. Univ. Press

Whitaker's Titled Persons, 1898, 2/6 ... Whitaker

Year Book for the Episcopal Church in Scotland, 1/6 ... St. Giles Printing Co.
[*The volume for* 1898. *It gives very fully and concisely all information regarding this Church.*]

NEW EDITIONS.

BUFFUM, W. ARNOLD.—The Tears of the Heliades, Third and Revised Edition ... Sampson Low
[*A new edition of an interesting account of amber as a gem. The frontispiece gives some idea of the wonderful beauties of Sicilian amber, with its exquisite colour tones—red, green, orange, violet, and blue—so different from the ordinary yellow which we associate with the stone.*]

Notes for Boys (and their Fathers) ... Elliot Stock
[*The value of this little book of sensible advice is attested by the number of editions which have been required. Written by a father for his own son, it should be interesting alike to parents and children.*]

Opium-Eater (The) and Essays by Thomas De Quincey, 2/6 ... Ward, Lock
[*A nicely got up edition of the "Confessions," introduced by a biographical sketch by Richard Le Gallienne. A capital portrait taken from Sir J. Watson Gordon's painting forms the frontispiece.*]

Scottish Students' Song Book, 3/- net ... Bayley & Ferguson
[*The sixth revised and enlarged edition of the magnificent song-book issued by the song-book committee of the Students' Representative Councils of Scotland. The book is admirable alike in contents and get-up, and it is moreover exceedingly cheap.*]

BOOKS WANTED.

[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

ANDERSON & SON, DUMFRIES.

Aird's Old Bachelor, etc.
McDowall's History of Dumfries.
Do., Guide to Dumfries.
McDiarmid's Picture of Dumfries.
Poems by A. N. (Sheriff Nicholson).
Douglas, or the Field of Otterburn.
Ramage's Drumlanrig.
Moorland Rhymes, by R. Wanlock Reid.
Treatise on Sheep, by Dr. Ambrose Blacklock.

T. B. BANKS & CO., HIGH STREET and FOUNTAIN STREET, GUERNSEY.

The Bookman, October, 1897.
The Antiquary, December, 1893.

JAMES BELL & SON, CARLTON STREET, NOTTINGHAM.

Encyclo. Brit., 9th edition.

E. BOND, THE ROOKERY, EYE, SUFFOLK.

Bookman, January, 1895.
Stevenson's Songs of Travel.

HENRY DOOLEY, STOCKPORT.

Kipling's Works, ed. de luxe.
Craufurd's Enigmas of the Spiritual Life.

J. E. S., c/o HODDER & STOUGHTON, ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

Timothy Towser's Cornish Tales, date, publisher, and price not known.

F. L. MAWDESLEY, DELWOOD CROFT, YORK.

Nelsonian Reminiscences, by G. S. Parsons, 1847.

EDWARD PECK, FEATHERSTONE, NEAR PONTEFRACT.

Javelin of Phineas, by W. Lincoln.
Studios, any parts or vols.
Froude's Nemesis of Faith.
Froude's Life and Letters of Erasmus.
History of Ipswich.
Boothroyd's History of Pontefract.
Holmes's Sieges of Pontefract Castle.
Strong's Concordance to the Bible, 1894.

C. A. STREICHER, 7, WAVERLEY STREET, YORK.

Kipling's Jungle Book, 1st series.
Kipling's Soldier Tales, 1st ed.
Stephens' Hours in a Library.
R. S. Surtees' works, any.
Gosse's Eighteenth Century Lit.
Saintsbury's French Literature.
Smiles' works, any.
Works by Barrie, Kipling, Weyman, Crockett, Hall Caine.
Half Hours with Best Authors.
Smith's Bible Dictionary, 3 vols.
Bohn's extra volumes.
Morley's First Sketch of English Literature, 2 copies.

J. W. THOMPSON, 45, PASTURE STREET, GRIMSBY.

East Lynne, green cloth.
Hart on the Violin.
Stubbs' Constitutional History.
Macaulay's History of England 8 vols.
Green's Short History of England.
Drummond's Natural Law in the Spiritual World.
Early parts and vols. of the Studio and Pall Mall Magazine.
Strand, vol. 1 and 2, original cloth.
Darwin's Descent of Man.